

The American Farmer

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No. 36.

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s generally, but for fodder crops I
follow it until something better

For the Maine Farmer.
SEASON-THE FARMER'S GEN-
ERALLY

BY J. L. PEASE.

corn makes a wonderful growth. of my neighbors, Sherman Brown, the finest piece of potatoes I have this year. As I look at them from the door the vines cover the ground completely. If the hay crop comes in short, farmers in our vicinity won't find the

the plan of the Farmer of sending
mer boarders among the farmers is a
good one, and they deserve the
thanks of the people of our State, not
for their generosity, but their kind
thoughtful interest of humanity. I

thoughtful interest of humanity. I can look another year I may send a photograph of my buildings; cannot do so this year. I am laying out a little work on the front barn, tearing off the old shingles and the walls to be replaced with clapboards and paint; also building a silo to hold that three and a half acres of corn this fall. Cows are doing finely on grass; large quantities of golden roes are being made, but the price

are very naive, but the price, is it? So low down in the scale I see it. When are those good times we have heard so much about last few years? I think I heard some say, when greed is satisfied, then a quart bottle would hold a gallon, we will be happy.

For the Maine Farmer.

BY S. C. A.

The Alligulpa House, Small Point
bor, Phippsburg, is again opened
for the management of its popular
lord, A. P. Smith, who has run it

oldest seashore houses on the coast,

ing been established' by Mr. Lowell at sixty years ago. It has a capacity for forty guests, where "Summer Comfort" can be assured of "cleanliness, safety and freedom from restraint," as the *Maine Farmer's* Summer Home apartment announcement, with unsurpassed seashore scenery and abundant opportunity for "boating and fishing," is at the door.

A short distance from the hotel is the site of an old settler's fort, and in

her direction is a cemetery used by settlers more than two hundred years since.

One mile beyond the Alliguippa House and the end of the point is the Club House of the Boston Gun Association, and cottages occupied by the families of Hon. J. H. Sawyer, Augustus C. Weston and Wm.

near the cottages in the direction of Head is the farm and Summer house of M. B. Spinney, another place where tourists can find good accommodations at reasonable prices.

A NEW WEED AND A BAD ONE.
The King-Devil Weed.
Geranium pædunculatum, Villars. The
King-Devil Weed is a bad and dangerous weed.

Devil weed has found its way into mowing fields of Maine. It is a native of Europe and was first detected in the United States in Northern New York in 1779. Since then it has spread, giving a great deal of trouble.

In 1895 a few plants were found in West Gardiner and reported to the Jossebotanical Society. Since that time it has spread rapidly, and is found in mowing fields in Farmingdale, Gardiner and West Gardiner. Mr. H. K. Morrell called attention to this weed through

cal press, but as the weed is spreading rapidly and is equally as bad as its near relative, the Orange Hawkweed, the farmers of the State should be on guard against it.

Prof. Harvey, the Station botanist, via Gardiner and vicinity June 29 and 30 found the plant thoroughly established in many mowing fields. The weed was probably introduced with grass from New York. During the last year it has found its way into fields that

is not been plowed for ten years. The weeds grow in patches, matting the ground and killing all other vegetation. Rank growth and rapid spreading that it flourishes in Maine climate soil.

The Orange Hawk weed has been in the vicinity of Gardiner for twenty years, but up to that time has not spread as much as the King-Devil Weed has in two years. It is very much like the Orange Hawk weed in general appearance, and from description and figure in the Station

The King-Devil Weed is from
[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]

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Poetry.

THE VINTNER'S PRIDE.

By J. W. BAKER.

On a sunny slope by a running brook
Two thrifty vines grew side by side;
And clinging to a sturdy old vine,
They soon became the vintner's pride.

One was barren, no fruit it bore,
The broad leaves, its foliage fair;
While from each branch the other hung
With clusters rich, and very rare.

Said the barren vine to the fruitful one,
Are not my roots as good as thine?
Are not my leaves as broad as thine?
As yours? "Yes," said the vine, "as mine."

"But I have blossoms, you have none
Which with the praise the Master's name;
Why flowers shed their fragrance sweet,
And silently you're lost to fame."

"What else do you but shade the ground?
No crimson fruit will please the eye;
No one can miss you when you're gone,
Nor shed a tear when you shall die."

Thus said the vine in tender tones,
And days passed on in fragrance sweet,
The vintner came his vines to prune,
He looks for clusters near the leaves;

He scans the barren one and the other;
But lo! no fruit is found thereon,
To please his eye or fill his mind.

A sense of sadness fills his mind,
And sorrowfully he turns away;
Bidding the gardener "Cut it down,"
"This quickly done without delay."

The air is filled with perfume sweet,
And purple clusters hang around
Upon the fruitful vine, complete,
The vintner's pride beneath its shade.

But there are limbs which slip the vine,
He bids the gardener cut them off;
And bury deep beyond his sight.

'Tis thus a loving Father's hand
Would purge from us each earthly care;
That we may glorify His name,
The abundantly fruitful vine bear.

OUR DARLING.

By HELEN A. ALDEN.

Once a merry little maiden
Graced our dwelling for awhile,
With her rosy, childish beauty,
And her sunny smile.

With her merry mischief making
And her winning ways,
She gladdened all the household
And made bright the days.

But death's angel, lingering,
Gathered up our darling
In his cold embrace.

Very sad and desolate
Seemed the world that day,
But the rippling waters
And were smoothed away.

Still the memory lingers
Of that childish face,
In our hearts she ever
Must hold her place.

But across the river
Firmly I do believe,
Often we'll meet our darling
Where death can not bereave.

Our Story Teller.

FROM
THE RANKS.
BY CHARLES KING.

CHAPTER I.

A strange thing happened at the old fort during the still watches of the night. Even now, at this moment, no one seemed to be in possession of the exact circumstances. The officer of the day was engaged in an investigation, and all that appeared to be generally known was the bald statement that the sentry on No. 5 had fired at somebody or other about half past 8; that he had fired by order of the commanding officer, who was on his post at the time, and that now he flatly refused to talk about the matter.

Garrison curiosity, it is perhaps needless to say, was rather stimulated than lulled by this announcement. An unnumbered number of officers were chatting about headquarters when Colonel Maynard came over to his office. Several ladies, too, who had hitherto shown but languid interest in the morning music of the band, had taken the trouble to stroll down to the old quadrangle, ostensibly to see guard mounting. Mrs. Maynard was almost always on her piazza at this time, and her lovely daughter was almost sure to be at the gate with two or three young fellows lounging about her. This morning, however, not a soul appeared in front of the colonel's quarters.

Guard mounting at the fort was not held until 9 o'clock, contrary to the somewhat general custom at other posts in our scattered army. Colonel Maynard had ideas of his own upon the subject, and it was his theory that everything worked more smoothly if he had finished a leisurely breakfast before beginning the duties of the day, and neither the colonel nor his family cared to breakfast before 8 o'clock. In view of the fact that Mrs. Maynard had borne that name but a very short time, and that her knowledge of army life dated only from the month of May, the garrison was disposed to consider her entitled to much latitude of choice in such matters, even while it did say that she was old enough to be above bridled sentiment. The women folk at the fort were of opinion that Mrs. Maynard was 50. It must be conceded that she was over 40; also that this was her second entry into the bonds of matrimony.

That no one should now appear on the colonel's piazza was obviously a disappointment to several people. In some way or other most of the breakfast tables at the post had been enveloped by accounts of the mysterious shooting. The soldiers going the rounds with the "police cart," the butcher and grocer and baker from town, the milk women with their glistening cans, had all served as newsmongers from kitchen to kitchen, and the story that came in with the coffee to the lady of the house had lost nothing in bulk or bravery. The groups of officers chatting and smoking in front of headquarters gained accessions every moment, while the ladies seemed more absorbed in chat and confidences than in the sweet music of the band.

What fairly exasperated some men was the fact that the old officer of the day was not out on the parade where he belonged. Only the new recruit was standing there in staid pose, and the fact that the colonel had sent out word that

the ceremony would proceed without Captain Chester only served to add fuel to the flame of popular conjecture. It was known that the colonel was holding a consultation with closed doors with the old officer of the day, and never before since he came to the regiment had the colonel been known to look so pale and strange as when he glided out for just one moment and called his orderly. The soldier sprang up, saluted, received his message, and, with every eye following him, sped off toward the old stone guardhouse. In three minutes he was on his way back, accompanied by a corporal and private of the guard in full dress uniform.

"That's Leary, the man who fired the shot," said Captain Wilton to his senior lieutenant, who stood by his side. "Belongs to B company, doesn't he?" queried the subaltern. "Seems to me I have heard Captain Armistead say he was one of his best men."

His face beamed in the regiment as long as I can remember. What on earth can the colonel want him for? Near as I can learn, he only fired by Chester's order."

"And neither of them knows what he fired at."

It was perhaps 10 minutes before Private Leary came forth from the doorway of the colonel's office, nodded to the corporal, and raising his white-gloved hands in salute to the group of officers the two men tossed their rifles to the right shoulder and strode back to the guard.

Another moment, and the colonel himself opened his door and appeared in the hallway. He stopped abruptly, turned back and spoke a few words in low tone, then hurried through the groups at the entrance, looking at no man, avoiding their glances and giving faint and impatient return to the soldierly salutations that greeted him. The event was headed on his forehead, his lips were white and his face full of a trouble and dismay no man had ever seen there before. He spoke to no one, but walked rapidly homeward, entered and closed the gate and door behind him.

For a moment there was silence in the group. Few men in the service were better loved and honored than the veteran soldier who commanded the infantry, and it was with genuine concern that his officers saw him so deeply and painfully affected, for affected he certainly was. Never before had his cheery voice denied them a cordial "Good morning, gentlemen." Never before had his blue eyes flashed. He had been their comrade and comrade in years of frontier service, and his bachelor home had been the rendezvous of all general spirits when in garrison. They had missed him sorely when he went abroad on long leave the previous year and were almost indignant when they received the news that he had met his fate in Italy and had returned a widower. "She" was the widow of a wealthy New Yorker who had been dead some three years only, and though over 40 did not look her years to masculine eyes when she reached the fort in May.

After knowing her a week the garrison had decided to a man that the colonel had done wisely. Mrs. Maynard was charming, courteous, handsome and accomplished. Only among the women were there still a few who resented their colonel's capture, and some of these, oblivious of the fact that they had tempted him with relations of their own, were sententious and severe in their condemnation of second marriage, for the colonel, too, was indulging in a second experiment. Of his first only one man in the regiment besides the commander could tell anything, and he, to the just indignation of almost everybody, would not discuss it in the least. It was rumored that in the old days when Maynard was senior captain and Chester junior subaltern in their former regiment the two had very little in common. It was known that the first Mrs. Maynard, while still young and beautiful, had died abroad. It was hinted that the resignation of a distinguished lieutenant of the regiment, which was synchronous with her departure for foreign shores, was demanded by his brother officers, but it was useless asking Captain Chester. He could not tell, and wasn't it odd?—here was Chester again, the only man in the colonel's confidence in an hour of evident trouble.

"By Jove! What's gone wrong with the chief?" was the first exclamation from one of the older officers. "I never saw him look so broken."

As no explanation suggested itself, they began edging in toward the office. The door stood open, a handbell banged, a clock started in the face of the sergeant-major's room, and Captain Chester, merely nodding, went on with some writing at which he was engaged.

After a moment's awkward silence and uneasy glancing at one another the party seemed to arrive at the conclusion that it was time to speak. The band had ceased, and the new guard had marched away behind its pealing bugles. Lieutenant Hall winked at the colonel, glancing at the sergeant-major's room, and with his hands sticking in his trousers pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accented his absorbed superior:

"Didn't you see him?" was the uncompromising reply, and the captain did not deign to raise his head or eyes. "Well—er—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr. Hall, shifting uncomfortably to his other leg and prodding the floor with the heel of his boot.

"That's wasn't what you wanted to know, I presume," said Captain Chester, signing his name with a vicious dash of the pen and bringing his fist down with a thump on the blotting pad, while he wheeled around in his chair and looked squarely up into the perturbed face of the junior.

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ing might be only gone for a minute."

"The colonel may not be back for a week, but you here for dress parade all the same, and Mr. Hall?" he called as the young officer was turning away. The latter faced about again.

"Was Mr. Jerrold going with you to town?"

"Yes, sir. He was to drive me in his dogcart, and it's over here now."

"Jerrold cannot go—at least not until I have seen him."

"Why, captain, he got the colonel's permission at breakfast this morning."

"That is true, no doubt, Mr. Hall. And the captain dropped his sharp and captious manner, and his voice fell as though in sympathy with the cloud that settled on his face. "I cannot explain matters just now. There are reasons why the permission is withdrawn for the time being. The adjutant will notify him."

"And Captain Chester turned to his desk again as the new officer of the day, guardbook in hand, entered to make his report."

"The usual orders, captain," said Chester as he took the book from his hand and looked over the list of prisoners. Then, in bold and rapid strokes, he wrote across the page the customary certificate of the old officer of the day, winding up with this remark:

"He also inspected guard and visited sentries between 8 and 3:35 a. m. The firing at 3:30 a. m. was by his order."

Meantime those officers who had entered with him and who had been ordered to perform were standing or seated around the room, but all observing profound silence. For a moment or two no sound was heard but the scratching of the captain's pen. Then, with some embarrassment and hesitancy, he laid it down and glanced around him.

"Has any one here anything to ask—any business to transact?"

Two or three mentioned some routine matters that required the action of the post commander, but did so reluctantly, as though they preferred to await the orders of the colonel himself. Captain Wilton indeed spoke his sentiments:

"I wanted to see Colonel Maynard about getting two men of my company relieved from extra duty, but as he isn't here I fancy I had better wait."

"Not at all. Who are your men. Have it done at once, Mr. Adjutant, and supply their places from my company if need be. Now, is there anything else?"

The group was apparently "unplugged," as the adjutant afterward put it, by such unlooked for complacency on the part of the usually crotchety senior captain.

"Has any one here anything to ask?" captain. Still, no one offered to lead the way to the post, so the adjutant's moment's nervous rapping with his knuckles on the desk Captain Chester again abruptly spoke:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to inconvenience you, but if there be nothing more that you desire to see me about I shall go on with some other matters, which, please me, do not require your presence."

At this very broad hint the party slowly found their legs, and with much wonderment and not a few resentful glances at their temporary commander they reluctantly left the room, again, still reluctant to leave in the face of so pervading a mystery, for Wilton turned, and with his hands sticking in his trousers pockets, and his forage cap swinging from protruding thumb and forefinger, cleared his throat, and with marked lack of confidence accented his absorbed superior:

"Didn't you see him?" was the uncompromising reply, and the captain did not deign to raise his head or eyes. "Well—er—yes, I suppose I did," said Mr. Hall, shifting uncomfortably to his other leg and prodding the floor with the heel of his boot.

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"No, it wasn't," answered Mr. Hall in an injured tone, while an audible snicker at the door added to his sense of discomfort. "What I mainly wanted was to know if I could go to town."

"That matter is easily arranged, Mr. Hall. Any you have to do is to get out of this uncomfortable and unsanitary position, stand in the attitude in which you are certainly more at home and infinitely more picturesque, proffer your request in respectful words, and there is no question as to the result."

"Oh, you're in command, then?" said Mr. Hall, slowly wriggling into the position of the soldier and flushing through his bronzed cheeks. "I thought the colo-

FAIRBANKS
WASHING POWDER

ing to juniors that when on guard no soldier should permit himself to be drawn from the scene of his duties.

With his books and his pipe Chester whiled away the lonely hours of the early night and wondered if the wind would blow up a rain or disperse the clouds entirely toward 1 o'clock light, bounding footstep approached his door, and the portal flew open as a trim but young fellow, with laughing eyes and an air of exuberant health and spirits, came briskly in. It was Rollins, the junior second lieutenant of the regiment and Chester's own and only pet—so said the various officers. He was hardly a year out of leading strings at the Point and as full of hope and pluck and mischief as a colt. Moreover, he was frank and teachable, said Chester, and didn't come to him with the idea that he'd worked up over it as I do, but you young fellows don't see what I see. You have not seen what I've seen, and pray God you never will. That's where the pinches, Rollins. It is what he reminds me of, not so much what he is, I suppose, that I get rabid about. He is for all the world like a man we had in the old regiment when you were in Swedenborg, and I never look at Mr. Gray's old, white face that it doesn't bring back a girl I knew and whose heart was broken by just such a shallow, selfish, adorable scoundrel."

There were men in the regiment to whom such close communion with a watchful senior would have been most embarrassing, and Mr. Rollins' predecessor as second lieutenant of Chester's company was one of these. Mr. Jerrold was a happy man when promotion took him from under the wing of Crusty Jake and landed him in Company B. More than that, it came just at a time when, after four years of loneliness and isolation at an up river stockade, his new company and his old, together with four others of the regiment, were ordered to join headquarters and the band at the most delightful station in the northwest. Here Mr. Rollins had reported for duty during the previous autumn, and here they were with troops of other arms of the service, enjoying the close proximity of all the good things of civilization.

Chester looked up, with a quizzical smile, as his "plebe" came in: "Well, sir, how many dances had you with Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Not many, I fancy, with Mr. Jerrold monopolizing everything as usual. By gad! some good fellow could make a colossal fortune by buying and selling him at his own valuation."

"Oh, come, now, captain," laughed Rollins. "Jerrold's no such slouch as you make him out. He's lazy, and he likes to spon, and he puts up with a good deal of petting from the girls—wouldn't it be he could get it? But he is only and his hearted and my put on any airs—with us, at least—and the mess like him first rate. 'Tain't his fault that he's handsome and a regular lady killer. You must admit that he had a pretty tough four years of it up there at that forsaken old Indian graveyard, and yet his only natural he should enjoy getting up and dancing and dancing and dancing."

"Yes, dances and dinners and daughters, all delightful, I know, but no excuse for a man's neglecting his main duty as he is doing and has been ever since we got here. Any other time he would have been a regular first class, but no using trying it now, when both women in his household are as big fools about him as anybody in town—bigger, unless I'm a born idiot." And Chester rose excitedly.

"I suppose he had Miss Renwick pretty much to himself tonight," he presently demanded, looking angry and searching for a junior, as though half expecting him to dodge the question.

"Oh, yes. Why not? It's pretty evident she would rather dance and be with him than with any one else. So what can a fellow do? Of course we ask her to dance and all that, and she wants us, but I can't help feeling rather a bore to her, even if she is only 18, and there are plenty of pleasant girls in the garrison who don't get any too much attention, now we're so near a big city, and I like to be with them."

"Yes, and it's the right thing for you to do, youngster. There's one true disciple in Jerrold. When we were up there at the stockade two winters ago and Captain Gray's little girl was there, he hung around her from morning till night, and the poor little thing fairly beamed and blossomed with delight. Look at her now, man! He hasn't got a beard. He hasn't had the decency to take her a walk, a drive or anything since we got here. He began from the moment we came with that gang in town. He was simply devoted to Miss Beaubien until Alice Renwick came."

Then he dropped her like a hot brick. By the eternal Rollins's no heart's grief with that old lady yet, you mark my words. There's Indian blood in her veins and a look in her eye that makes me wriggle sometimes. I watched her last night at parade when she drove out here with that copper faced old squaw, the Italian education and her nose in New York and Paris that girl's got a wild streak in her somewhere. She sat there watching him as the officers marched to the front, and then her, as he went up and joined Miss Renwick, and there was a gleam of her white teeth and a look in her black eyes that made me think of the leap of a knife from the sky and a woman's hand."

"Yes, half a dozen or so," answered Mr. Rollins, who was pulling off his boots and inserting his feet into easy

slippers, while old "Crusty" tramped excitedly up and down the floor. "Most of them stand out, I think. Only one team went back across the bridge."

"Where was that?"

"The Surtons', I believe. Young Cub Sutton was out with his sister and another girl."

"There's another d—d fool!" growled Chester. "That boy has \$10,000 a year of his own, a beautiful home that will be his, a doting mother and sister and everything wealth can buy, and yet, by gad, he's unhappy because he can't be a poor devil of a lieutenant, with nothing but drills, debts and rifle practice to enliven him. That's what brings him out here all the time. He'd swap places with you in a minute. Isn't he very thick with Jerrold?"

"Oh, yes, rather. Jerrold entertains him a good deal."

"Which is returned with compound interest," Mr. Jerrold simply made a convenience of him. He wouldn't make love to his sister because the poor, rich, unphilosophical girl is as ugly as she is ubiquitous. His majesty is fastidious, you see, and seeks only the carous of beauty, and while he lives there at the Surtons' when he goes to town, and dines and sleeps and smokes and wines there, and uses their box at the opera house, and is courted and flattered by the old lady because of Cubby worships the ground he walks on, and poor Fanny Sutton thinks him adorable, he turns his back on the girl at every dance because she can't dance and leaves her to her fellows who have a conscience and some idea of decency. He gives all his devotion to Miss Beaubien, who dances like a corymb, and drops her when Alice Renwick comes, with her glowing Spanish beauty."

"Oh, d—n it, I'm an old fool to get worked up over it as I do, but you young fellows don't see what I see. You have not seen what I've seen, and pray God you never will. That's where the pinches, Rollins. It is what he reminds me of, not so much what he is, I suppose, that I get rabid about. He is for all the world like a man we had in the old regiment when you were in Swedenborg, and I never look at Mr. Gray's old, white face that it doesn't bring back a girl I knew and whose heart was broken by just such a shallow, selfish, adorable scoundrel."

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"Oh, yes, rather. Jerrold entertains him a good deal."

"Which is returned with compound interest," Mr. Jerrold simply made a convenience of him. He wouldn't make love to his sister because the poor, rich, unphilosophical girl is as ugly as she is ubiquitous. His majesty is fastidious, you see, and seeks only the carous of beauty, and while he lives there at the Surtons' when he goes to town, and dines and sleeps and smokes and wines there, and uses their box at the opera house, and is courted and flattered by the old lady because of Cubby worships the ground he walks on, and poor Fanny Sutton thinks him adorable, he turns his back on the girl at every dance because she can't dance and leaves her to her fellows who have a conscience and some idea of decency. He gives all his devotion to Miss Beaubien, who dances like a corymb, and drops her when Alice Renwick comes, with her glowing Spanish beauty."

"Oh, d—n it, I'm an old fool to get worked up over it as I do, but you young fellows don't see what I see. You have not seen what I've seen, and pray God you never will. That's where the pinches, Rollins. It is what he reminds me of, not so much what he is, I suppose, that I get rabid about. He is for all the world like a man we had in the old regiment when you were in Swedenborg, and I never look at Mr. Gray's old, white face that it doesn't bring back a girl I knew and whose heart was broken by just such a shallow, selfish, adorable scoundrel."

There were men in the regiment to whom such close communion with a watchful senior would have been most embarrassing, and Mr. Rollins' predecessor as second lieutenant of Chester's company was one of these. Mr. Jerrold was a happy man when promotion took him from under the wing of Crusty Jake and landed him in Company B. More than that, it came just at a time when, after four years of loneliness and isolation at an up river stockade, his new company and his old, together with four others of the regiment, were ordered to join headquarters and the band at the most delightful station in the northwest. Here Mr. Rollins had reported for duty during the previous autumn, and here they were with troops of other arms of the service, enjoying the close proximity of all the good things of civilization.

Chester looked up, with a quizzical smile, as his "plebe" came in: "Well, sir, how many dances had you with Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Not many, I fancy, with Mr. Jerrold monopolizing everything as usual. By gad! some good fellow could make a colossal fortune by buying and selling him at his own valuation."

"Oh, come, now, captain," laughed Rollins. "Jerrold's no such slouch as you make him out. He's lazy, and he likes to spon, and he puts up with a good deal of petting from the girls—wouldn't it be he could get it? But he is only and his hearted and my put on any airs—with us, at least—and the mess like him first rate. 'Tain't his fault that he's handsome and a regular lady killer. You must admit that he had a pretty tough four years of it up there at that forsaken old Indian graveyard, and yet his only natural he should enjoy getting up and dancing and dancing and dancing."

"Yes, dances and dinners and daughters, all delightful, I know, but no excuse for a man's neglecting his main duty as he is doing and has been ever since we got here. Any other time he would have been a regular first class, but no using trying it now, when both women in his household are as big fools about him as anybody in town—bigger, unless I'm a born idiot." And Chester rose excitedly.

"I suppose he had Miss Renwick pretty much to himself tonight," he presently demanded, looking angry and searching for a junior, as though half expecting him to dodge the question.

"Oh, yes. Why not? It's pretty evident she would rather dance and be with him than with any one else. So what can a fellow do? Of course we ask her to dance and all that, and she wants us, but I can't help feeling rather a bore to her, even if she is only 18, and there are plenty of pleasant girls in the garrison who don't get any too much attention, now we're so near a big city, and I like to be with them."

"Yes, and it's the right thing for you to do, youngster. There's one true disciple in Jerrold. When we were up there at the stockade two winters ago and Captain Gray's little girl was there, he hung around her from morning till night, and the poor little thing fairly beamed and blossomed with delight. Look at her now, man! He hasn't got a beard. He hasn't had the decency to take her a walk, a drive or anything since we got here. He began from the moment we came with that gang in town. He was simply devoted to Miss Beaubien until Alice Renwick came."

Then he dropped her like a hot brick. By the eternal Rollins's no heart's grief with that old lady yet, you mark my words. There's Indian blood in her veins and a look in her eye that makes me wriggle sometimes. I watched her last night at parade when she drove out here with that copper faced old squaw, the Italian education and her nose in New York and Paris that girl's got a wild streak in her somewhere. She sat there watching him as the officers marched to the front, and then her, as he went up and joined Miss Renwick, and there was a gleam of her white teeth and a look in her black eyes that made me think of the leap of a knife from the sky and a woman's hand."

"Yes, half a dozen or so," answered Mr. Rollins, who was pulling off his boots and inserting his feet into easy

CHEW & SMOKE
THE BEST LINE
TOBACCOS

The Line to Take.

It touches a spot no other tobacco can—its flavor is perfect—a line suiting all smokers or chewers.

John Heald of Portland, a gentleman who keeps himself pretty well posted in these matters, is of the opinion that one of the stylish road horses are numbered among the stock raisers will turn their minds to a different mode of breeding. The craze for speed dies hard and the conception of quality comes slowly.

Appreciation of quality seems to be flexible, for a great difference appears in the standard of horses pronounced superior by owners. There's a chestnut by Gen. Withers, Jr., in the stable of Pomplun, Auburn, which may well be taken as the type of horse wanted. A beautiful animal could hardly be more action, combining size, style, finish, imagination and conformation in a remarkable degree. Such horses sell rapidly, and buyers are ready to pay well for the same.

The number of horses called for by the big retail establishments of our large cities is large. At Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, one hundred and seventy-five are kept to deliver goods. The reason that each horse in this stable receives is twelve pounds each of oats and hay per day, and they are used to have every Saturday evening on a bran mash for supper. A little corn is put in the winter time. It has been observed in this stable that some of the smaller horses eat more than the larger ones.

The Concord Monitor says: "Oxen are getting to be so unfamiliar a sight in action that the appearance of two yokes of big fellows on Main street this morning attracted considerable attention." Yes; and we can tell our esteemed contemporary that the day is not far distant when a thrifty farmer will be as great an attraction in a New England town, if they persist in doing their farm labor with old horses and neglect the industry for cattle raising, and working horses."

Stranger that a special horse paper should be urging oxen, yet the fact above stated cannot be questioned, and the best friend of the horse must come to see that the only way to boom the industry is to confine it within its proper limits. Let us have more good oxen as well as good horses.

The Breeder's Gazette thus describes the winner at the Boston Horse Show in the heavy carriage class: "Poets are born, not made. The best heavy carriage horses are bred and born for that purpose, as well as made. Sundown is Maine-bred, presumably bred for a trotter, as he has great speed. He is said by some to be of Wilkes blood, but he does not know by what authority they give him this pedigree, as his owner does not undertake to say more about his breeding than that he came from Maine. He has unusual size, standing 16½ hands high, and a beautiful forehead with high and stylish carriage. He shows an extraordinary play of stifle and has a tremendous long stride, and broadside in fast action he is a great sight; viewed from the rear he is considerably staidly gaired. He was sold publicly for

Woman's Department.

WHAT TO TEACH THE CHILDREN.

I have been school-visiting and looking about, and fitting myself for the exalted position of school committee as soon as I live somewhere long enough to establish a residence, and I have come to some conclusions which I will now impart to you, writes Dora M. Morrell in the Gardiner Reporter-Journal.

The teachers are expected to know enough of every science and every thing else under the sun to instruct children enough to give them a smattering, and the teachers do it, to their own and the children's detriment, but with all the normal schools for teachers, and with all the new branches there are some yet to be taught, and taught thoroughly, which are as worth knowing as any science now in the schools.

Every parent will say, "Teach my child to be honest in great things grown from a habit of being honest in trifles." Teach that "I didn't mean to," is no excuse though it may be an explanation. Teach that no child or grown person has the right to borrow the property of another without permission.

Teach children to respect the rights of others, and therefore not to crowd or push. Teach children not to mark on books, fences, walls, and thus make it impossible for them when college students to find anything funny in defacing the statue of the founder of the college.

Teach the children never to try to get the affairs of others nor to pry. Get this well taught, and backbiting and gossiping will become lost arts.

Teach children carefulness in deeds and speech, which is the foundation of honesty and accuracy.

Teach children not to grumble. Teach children to be self-possessed. Teach over and over that the road to success is only by the way of keeping always at it.

None of these things are taught regularly in school though all might be, and each and every one of these things makes for life helpful to others, and successful even from a worldly sense. One trouble about teaching them is that so few teachers are competent.

When children are young these lessons can be inculcated, and they are worth the effort. These build a character and character is the best possession in the world, far exceeding mere book-learning, but one is to be had. Now the aim seems to be to crowd into children's minds a certain amount of information, that first, and then if there is any time left these other lessons are half taught. It is working from the wrong end. The information, excellent as it is, should be secondary. One will gather that in age, but the foundation of self-possession, honor, respect for others' rights, cheerfulness, must be firmly laid in childhood, or they will never be laid at all.

LIFE'S BRIGHTEST HOUR.

Not long since I met a gentleman who is assessed for one million. Silver was in his hair, care upon his brow, and he slightly stooped beneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of the period of life when he had realized the most perfect enjoyment, or rather, when he had found the happiness to be unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of twenty I had saved up \$800. I was earning \$600 a year, and my father did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage, just outside the city. I was able to pay two-thirds of the value down, and as to furnish it respectably. I was married on Sunday—Sunday in June—at my father's house. My wife had come to me in a purse but rich in the wealth of her womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath night we passed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the labors of the day were done, I went not to the paternal shelter, but to my home—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in the memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I laid my hat on the little stand in the hall and passed on to the kitchen—my kitchen and dining room were all one. I pushed open the kitchen door and was in heaven! The table was set against the wall—the evening meal was ready, prepared by the hands of her who had come to be my helpmeet in deed as well as name—and by the table with a throbbing, expectant look upon her lovely and loving face, stood my wife. I could not clasp the waiting angel to my bosom thus showing to her the ecstatic rapture of my heart. The years have passed—long years—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honored and envied; but—as true as heaven—I would give it all—every dollar, for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago."

It has been said that the modern inventions and appliances with the many food preparations ready at a moment's need, have greatly simplified modern housekeeping. They have changed it, certainly, but how far it has become simplified is another question. With the new knowledge has come many new responsibilities. Housekeepers must sterilize the milk and boil and filter the water, which used to be used without question; the meat must be kept in a sanitary ice box, which requires eternal vigilance for safety. Fruits bought at the grocers, where they are often kept exposed to the street air and dust until sold, must be carefully washed and dried before being put away in a cool place, vegetables rid of their superfluous stalks or accumulations of muddy roots, everything looked over and prepared in the best possible way in the perennial light against germ infection. All processes of cooking are on a new basis; house cleaning is approached now with many theories of bacteriology; our furnishings must be selected

from a sanitary point of view; even the ornaments of the home are capable of scientific treatment—all of which means a change indeed from the old ways, but does it mean less care?

THE POOR CHILDREN OF CITIES.

Their Lives May Be Made Much Sweeter by a Summer Outing.

In the June Ladies Home Journal Edward W. Bok makes an earnest appeal that the poor children of the cities be given an outing in the country during a part of the heated summer season. He heartily commends the work in that direction being done by the various organizations, and urges that they be given heartier support and greater cooperation. "Strange as it may seem to some," he says, "the word 'country' is only a meaningless sound to countless waifs in our cities. Of a winding stream, of a running brook, of a hill higher than a pile of refuse in the street, they know nothing. The only water they know is that which flows past the city piers. Of a run in a field white with daisies, yellow with buttercups, or red with clover, they have never even dreamed. Their only playground is the hot and ill-smelling pavement. Even a clean bed is unknown to them; the fire-escape, the roof or an uncovered wagon are their sleeping places on the hot summer nights. The only glimpse of God's beautiful sky they ever see is through the city's smoke. And yet how many of us think of these little ones? Think of them, we may, perhaps, but what do we do for them? Do we ever stop and consider how much we might do? how much others are doing?"

"Ten cents will keep a sick baby for a whole day in the country or at the seashore under the direction of some one of these associations. One dollar will bring untold happiness to a child for five days. Three dollars will keep a child in the country for thirteen days. Why not look into the work of the fund or association of summer work for children nearest you, and before you take or send something, even though it be but ten cents, to one or more of these Fresh Air Funds? It will bring health and happiness to some little child whose mother cannot afford to do what God has made possible for you to do for your little ones. It is not so much that many of us are disinclined to be charitable, it is rather that we are not apt to take the trouble to find out, or to know how much we can do with very little. We would give if we but knew where and how to give. The noblest offering we can make to God is the saving of the life of one of His little ones."

Nearly all the rose growers have to contend with rose insects. "Vick's Magazine" says: The aphid can be destroyed with a solution of whale-oil soap in water—one pound to eight gallons of water; and this should be applied with a garden syringe, so as to throw it on with force. By so doing the liquid will reach all parts of the foliage, drenching the insects and driving many of them to the ground where they will perish. By following up the use of the soapy water, the aphides or magots that bore into the buds are more difficult to manage. It will be found that they have webs on the leaves, drawing the leaves together or folding it, and conceal themselves inside. The plants should be carefully looked over and every folded leaf squeezed between thumb and forefinger. A little watchfulness, some patience, and considerable perseverance, will enable one to keep this insect in check in the manner now mentioned. With kerosene emulsion and whale-oil soap and tobacco-water, and when necessary the two last named mixed together, one ought to be able to conquer the insect enemies of the rose.

"Every woman," says a shoemaker, "should own a boot dryer upon which to fit a wet shoe that it may dry in shape; the best substitute for such a convenience being loose oats, with which the shoe may be filled." There should be, it may be added, fair weather boots as well as fair weather bonnets, both left at home when clouds are dripping. Rubbers, as is well known, ruin shoes; they are rarely worn nowadays by the woman who understands the proper dressing of the feet. She will choose, rather, the storm boots that must step on wet pavements, the sandal rubber is useful, this light footgear being really all that is needed for city wear except in an unusual storm.

The light of a true home shines out in a guest chamber as conspicuously as in other parts of the house. It is not an accident to give up the best room in the house for the occupancy of the occasional guest, but the room set apart for that purpose should be made so inviting as, at a glance, to suggest a hearty welcome to the home. A writing desk, a few choice books, a vase of flowers, will add to the furnishings, and so impress the new comer that she will feel at once that hospitality is really being exercised in the little things as well as the great.

If more women understood that straining the eyes to read by a dim or falling or imperfectly placed light produces wrinkles, there would be less of it done. To come suddenly from a very light room, into a dark one and vice versa to sleep with a bright light in one's face in the early morning—all these things not only injure the eye sight, but subject the flesh about the eye to a certain tension in the involuntary effort to counteract their effect, that is a good adviser and abettor of the undesirable crows' feet.

Women are wearing linen collars to such an extent nowadays that it is said, the demand for them has increased to such proportions that the collar factories are doing a rushing business, the help being fully employed and often working overtime. The silk and cotton shirt waives now so popular call for linen collars to be worn with them. So in following the fashion we are unconsciously helping others to earn their daily bread.

WISE WOMEN.

Those Who Had the First Symptoms of Nervous Derangement.

Special from Mrs. Pinkham.

A dull, aching pain at the lower part of the back and a sensation of little rills of heat, or chills running down the spine, are symptoms of general womb derangement.

If these symptoms are not accompanied by leucorrhoea, they are precursors of that weakness. It is worse than folly to neglect these symptoms. Any woman of common sense will take steps to cure herself.

She will realize that her generative system is in need of help, and that a good restorative medicine is a positive necessity. It must be a medicine with specific virtues. As a friend, a woman friend, let me advise the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If your case has progressed so that a troublesome discharge is already established, do not delay, take the Vegetable Compound at once, so as to tone up your whole nervous system; you can get it at any reliable drug store. You ought also to use a local application, or else the corrosive discharge will set up an inflammation and hardening of the parts. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is put up in packets at 25 cents each. To relieve this painful condition this Sanative Wash is worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. George W. Shepard, Watervliet, N. Y., says: "I am glad to state that I am cured from the worst form of female weakness. I was troubled very much with leucorrhoea, bearing-down pains and backache. Before using Mrs. Pinkham's Remedies it seemed that I had no strength at all. I was in pain all over. I began to feel better after taking the first dose of Vegetable Compound. I have used five bottles, and I feel like a new woman. I know if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them."

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Mrs. Fay, who has a Delightful Summer Home at Sandy Point.

Mrs. James J. Fay of New York is numbered among the most beautiful young women in America. Mrs. Fay was a Miss Henrietta Graves. She was educated in Europe and married almost immediately after leaving school. She is slight and supple, with luminous eyes and a fine complexion. Mr. and Mrs. Fay have a country home at

Sandy Point, where they spend most of the year. They are both devoted to outdoor sports, hunting, riding, driving and yachting. They have fine stables, and Mrs. Fay is an expert in the saddle or with the whip. She possesses a fortune, and Mr. Fay is always a man of leisure, dividing his time between traveling in Europe, his country place and yachting. The Fayes' country home is deemed one of the most delightful in the vicinity of New York. Mrs. Fay's portrait, reproduced, was taken from Munsey's Magazine.

Mrs. James J. Fay.

There are many signs of progress in conservative Maryland. The school commissioners of Caroline county lately met and adopted the following resolution:

"That, in the judgment of the school board of Caroline county, the time has arrived when women should be recognized in the active management of the public schools, and that, through their appointment as district school trustees, as great, if not greater, efficiency will be secured."

In accordance with this resolution they appointed among the 15 trustees 13 women of good education and social position. The Baltimore American, commenting on this, points out that a large number of the teachers in Maryland are women and adds:

"If women are so practicable as schoolteachers, women should be equally suitable as school managers, and we know that if there were more female school trustees there would be better schoolhouses and an elevation of the whole scheme of public education. Caroline county has begun the revolution, and may all the other counties follow in its footsteps."

Expert Rifle Women.

It is a remarkable, not to say alarming, sign of the times that women should be growing so proficient in the use of the rifle. At a recent meeting held by the officers of the Second King's Own Scottish Borderers at Kew Park, a number of ladies shot, and Mrs. W. G. Nicholson carried off the first prize, with a very fine score at both ranges. Mrs. MacLellan taking the second prize. Mrs. Nicholson is also an expert golfer and recently won the gold medal presented by Lady Lockhart to the Northern India Golf Club—London Truth.

Dean Matthews of Des Moines said in a recent sermon on "Young Women in Business Circles": "Young women, you have gone into the markets of the world as workers. Prepare to do your work on an equality with man, and do not think it a charity or ask it as a favor. And, above all, don't cry."

The Modern Tea Gown and the Art of Selecting It—Japanese Silk Fashionable—Cashmere Gowns.

The tea gown, and more especially the summer tea gown, has an irresistible fascination for the aesthetic woman, and if she is a success in this negligence dress she understands the art of selecting her gown to harmonize with her



MUSLIN TEA GOWN.

surroundings and reflect her individuality, as well as the air of wearing it with all the appearance of never having considered the effect at all. The modern tea gown has become less and less a loose garment, until now the most elaborate editions of this style of dress are more like a fancy princess dress than anything else. However, the loose front and waisted back is still a popular style, and in this, as in every other branch of fashion, variety is the rule, says the New York Sun, authority for the following:

Soft, clinging materials are the most satisfactory for this costume, and Japanese silk is very fashionable this season. Whether this is in some plain color, or figured it is charming made up in this sort of gown, with plenty of cream lace for trimming and the usual ribbon belt and bows. It is also used for tea jackets in pale blue, pink and cream white, made simply with feather stitched hems or lavishly trimmed with lace, but altogether charming for morning wear at home. Batiste and organdie in all the pale colors, liberty silks, cashmires and crepe de chine, are all employed for the up to date tea gown, and the latter is especially pretty made up over thin silk in some color strong enough to show a tint through the meshes. Organdies lined with colored batiste are very pretty, but they are as often made without any lining and elaborately trimmed with lace insertion and frills.

White embroidered muslin with flounces and insertions of Valenciennes lace is the material of a tea gown illustrated by the authority quoted, and black and white striped ribbon with a crease edge is the finish. Valenciennes lace is used on the cashmere gowns, and a pretty effect is made by sewing narrow black velvet ribbon on the wide lace for a finish around the collar and yaukeye. Striped silks, which can be found oftentimes on the bargain counter at a low price, make exceedingly pretty tea gowns, and even grenadines are employed for this purpose.

Pretty fronts for cashmere or silk gowns are made of white silk muslin crossed the whole length with cream lace insertion, and a pretty effect is made by pulling in wide lace or a lace trimmed frill of the muslin on either side of this front from the shoulders to the belt in such a way that it forms a

CASHMERE TEA GOWN.

sort of a full revers pointing down to the waist line and finished on the shoulders with rosette bows of ribbon. Pink and white brocade silk is used for a front in a pink cashmere, and the sleeves are of the brocade with bands of cashmere at the top. Another front, pretty for an elderly lady, and a black brocade silk, is made of alternate rows of heliotrope silk, finely tucked, and black lace insertion. Fronts composed entirely of lace are seen in the crepe de chine gowns, and one pretty pink one has also lace jabots down each side and long stole ends of crepe from the shoulders to the hem.

A Hint Not Taken.

It saves a lot of money to go to lectures in their bicycle suits, and many of the young women at Chicago university have the courage of their economies and appear smiling and serene in their short skirts. It is said that the young Hebrew professor gave the girls in his class this English sentence to translate into Hebrew: "A maiden should not enter class in a short, unsightly bicycle suit." But the girls told him they could not translate it, as there was no such word as bicycle in the Hebrew dictionary.—Boston Transcript.

"Bread and milk," as a dish for the table, is said by some to be an United States invention and peculiarity, but somebody avers that it is a common dish in Sweden and Finland. We don't see why it should not be a common dish the world over. If the milk and bread are both good, the dish is good enough for anybody.

Grease stains on cloth may often be removed with magnesia. The stained place is first dampened; then the magnesia is moistened and vigorously rubbed on the stain. It must be allowed to dry thoroughly. Then the powder can be easily shaken off.

Young Folks' Column.

THE OLD TIN SHEEP.

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels: "I'm growing old, and down my back I'm very sure there's a dreadful creak. There's nobody knows," said the old tin sheep, "till he's old how an old toy feels."

"I used to trundle about the floor: But that was when I was young and new: It's something that now I could not do. No! I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door."

"Creak!" said the sheep: "what's gone amiss? Some one is taking me out, I know. They're pulling my string, and away I go. Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep: "I never can go like this!"

But Tommy pulled the sheep around: About the nursery it went so fast: The floor beneath seemed flying past. While creaky-creaky-creaky the wheels went round with a delightful sound.

Then Tommy left it there on its side: The wheels moved slowly and stopped with a creak.

She will recall that old tin sheep: "There's nobody knows what he can do," said the sheep, "till he has tried."

—Katherine Pyle in the July St. Nicholas.

AN ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.

He Measured Height with a Miner in a Pennsylvania Town.

In the course of an article in the July St. Nicholas, Mary Lillian Herr relates the following anecdote of Lincoln: Once while on his way to Washington as President, the train stopped a little time in the town of Allegheny, Pennsylvania. Around the station a great crowd gathered, eager to see the new President. They shouted and cheered until Lincoln had to appear on the rear platform of his car. He bowed and smiled; but the crowd was so noisy that he did not try to speak to them.

Very near to the platform stood a miner, wearing a red shirt and blue overalls, and carrying a dinner-pail. Like the rest, he had stopped hoping to see Mr. Lincoln. The workman was almost a giant in size, and towered head and shoulders above the crowd.

No doubt he had heard that Lincoln also was very tall, and, encouraged by the friendly face the workman suddenly waved his bare arm above his head, and called out:

"Hi, there, Abe Lincoln!—I'm taller than you—yes, a sight taller!"

This loud speech alarmed the crowd by its boldness, and a laugh arose. But Mr. Lincoln, leaning forward with a good-humored smile, said quietly:

"My man, I doubt it; in fact, I'm sure I am the taller. However, come up and let's measure."

The crowd made way; the workman climbed to the platform, and stood back to back with the President. Each put up a hand to see whose head overtopped. Evidently Mr. Lincoln was the victor; for with a smile of satisfaction, he turned and offered his hand to his beaten rival, saying cordially:

"I thought you were mistaken and I was right; but I wish to be sure and to have you satisfied. However, we are friends anyway, ain't we?"

Grasping the outstretched hand in a vigorous grip, the workman replied: "Yes, Abe Lincoln; as long as I live!"

Dear Young People: I was very much interested in the letters telling us about the "Bluejays," and the "pet owl." Hope the girls may write again, and others also. I will ask a few questions about birds, that may help some of you to write about them:

How many species of swallows are there in Maine? Where do they build their nests, and what material is used? Have any of you seen an oriole this summer? If so, have, please tell us about it, and describe their nest.

How many different species of birds have you seen? Who can tell us something about the loon? Name the running birds. What kind of a nest does the woodpecker build? When do you hear the whippoorwill, and who can tell us anything about its nest? What is the largest bird? The smallest bird? Will now tell you what a boy saw one day, while helping his father plow. He discovered a ground sparrow's nest, with five eggs in it. They passed and re-passed the nest several times, and was coming near it again, when they thought the bird was acting strangely. Observing her a moment, they saw her take up her nest with beak and claws and fly away with it to a place of safety. She feared danger was near, and was determined to save her home.

The boys and girls who go through the world with their eyes open will see something to interest them everywhere. Hope some of the Maine Farmer readers will tell us some of the things that they see and are interested in. Our Father has given us a beautiful world, and we want you to enjoy it. Will give you a memory gem to think about: "The little birds trust God, for they go singing from northern woods where autumn winds have blown. With joyous faith their trackless pathway winning. To summer lands of song, afar, unknown." Very truly, EMILY.

Dear Young Folks of the Maine Farmer: I thought I would write a few lines, as I haven't written for a long time. I thought I would get my sister to write me a few lines. I am 8 years old this month. I am having a nice time to-night with my fire crackers. I go down after

the cow alone sometimes. Well, this is all I can think of now, so good by. CORA ETHEL WARREN.

Fairfield, Me.

The Spirit of Fun.

If our girls and boys know but little else, we are certain they will assure us promptly that they understand the spirit of fun. It is born in them, they believe, and they have it in common with other young animals, for is not every living creature playful after a fashion of its own?

But how is it that the mere beasts are usually so gentle in their play? A horse will do his best to avoid stepping on you, even in fun. A dog will not bite you in fun, although he will worry a rag or a stick that you hold out to him and will chew it to bits unless you draw it away to offer your defenseless hand, which he will caress as tenderly as if his strong, sharp teeth had suddenly lost their power to hurt.

We once knew a parrot who was remarkably fond of play. She would waddle after a bit of string, laugh and chuckle when she captured it and then jerk her pretty head this way and that to seize her mistress' finger in her bill, simply to hold it with affectionate gentleness while coaxing for her head to be rubbed. The owner of the parrot managed never to startle or annoy her, and never by any chance was she bitten by the bird.

We have seen a pet animal forgive a great deal that he seemed to understand was done to him in fun, but don't imagine that rough play is real. Amusing, boys and girls. If you've, you haven't yet caught the spirit of fun, no matter how much your game may divert you. Real fun is enjoyed as much by one playfellow as by the other, you will find. When it is not, it degenerates into cruelty.—Our Artist Friends.

The Artist.

She says she is an artist. This little Dorothy. I'm sure you'd never doubt it. If you could only see her.



Her studio is my room. And, pinned outside the door. You'll find her sign, so bashful. What would an artist more?

Her models? They are various—Mamma, papa and Jack. She draws the cat and all her dolls. Of models there's no lack.



THIS IS ME. I'll show it here to you. Do you think that you would know me? From the picture that she drew?—Youth's Companion.

Passing the Clothes Pegs.

For fun at a party the simple little game of "passing the clothes pegs" is about as good as anything you can find. Supposing we have 16 players; then we require 16 clothes pegs or any number of pieces of wood. The players stand in two lines facing each other, eight on each side. Each player holds the left wrist of his neighbor with his own right hand, so that each only has one hand at liberty. Place a chair at each end of each line, and at the top end eight pegs are placed on each of the chairs. When the signal is given, each side begins to pass the pegs one at a time and put them on the chair at the opposite end. As soon as the eight pegs are landed then pass them back, and the side wins which gets all the pegs back first. The thing to avoid is dropping the pegs on the floor, as it wastes time and loses the game. With Johnny Record.

With Johnny's Kite.

Where's that speck of thread of 'nother's? Not a living soul can guess. Where's that very pretty pattern? That was cut from Johnny's dress! Where are all the silken tassels? Of the curtains? Out of sight. And we missed hope to find 'em. For they're up with Johnny's kite.

Where are father's new suspenders? That he hasn't worn a week? Where's the siddle-bird and bridle? And where's that standard eye-brook? Where's the flour we bought for breakfast? In a scattered paste of white. And gone up with Johnny's kite. And gone up with Johnny's kite. —Atlantic Constitution.

"Has To" and "Like To."

"Has to" and "like to," you see, are not the same things by any means, although, even if they were, perhaps we wouldn't like it any better. Some of us don't like to be "made" to do a thing even when we really want to do it. For instance, I heard a boy say once, "I did want to go to that circus until I heard father say that I must go with the others, and after that I wanted to stay at home."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Freddy at the Sunday School.

Freddy went to Sunday school. He was in the infant class. One day his father said to him: "How is this, Freddy? You have been going to Sunday school for some time and have never brought home a good ticket. I am really ashamed of you."

"Papa," said the little culprit, swelling up like a toad, "I—I'll bring home a good ticket next Sunday, if—if I have to hook it!"—Montreal Star.

Practice Economy.

In buying medicines as in other matters, it is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because there is more medicinal value in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses, and will average, taken according to directions, to last a month, while others last but a fortnight.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and efficient.

When one woman kisses another it means about as much as when one man calls another "old man."

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

It produces an increase of vital activity in the system, thus preventing a curdling disease. I was attacked with a violent pain through my back and kidneys. After being under treatment six or eight months I was advised to try your Liniment, and by continuing to use it for three days, I was cured.

H. D. HUTCHINS, Fryburg, Me.

The Doctor's signature and directions on every bottle. Beware of cheap imitations. Sold everywhere. Price, 25 cents. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Parsons' Pills.

Positively cure biliousness and sick headache, liver and bowel complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from constipation. Price 25 cents. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

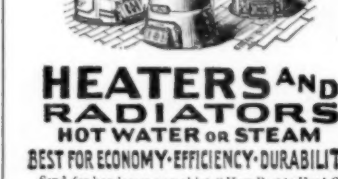
Beauty is Wealth.

BEAUTY is an essential to a woman as any other quality. With beauty of form and feature comes beauty of mind and character. Physical beauty is a rounded form, the brightly tinted cheek, the vivacious eye, a certain ease and grace of manner, which indicate an abundance of physical strength. Very few women possess these qualities, but very many more might possess them who do not. If you feel that you are losing vitality, losing your beauty, losing your strength, if you feel that your face which once was plump and rosy is becoming thin and pale, that wrinkles which are the terror to all pretty women are beginning to appear, take our advice and try that great secret of discovery, the "MASSAGE FACIAT," which is the only means known to science to convert a thin and sallow expression into a plump and rosy face. It will transform a face with plain or homely features into an expression of grace and beauty. Physiology teaches us that if we would be strong, we must exercise the muscles, which need the developing. Exercise causes the blood to flow to the part of the body called into action, the muscle is fed and strengthened by the fresh blood and will therefore develop.

The Massage Cup will do for the face, when properly applied, by contracting and relaxing the muscles, what exercise will do for the other parts of the body.

If you would have a plump complexion, if you would like a face plump and rosy, if you would like to remove that "horrid" wrinkle, send one Dollar to us and we will mail you the great "MASSAGE FACIAT" with full directions for its use. Remember you can have your money back if you say so.

AGENTS WANTED. Address: J. C. LEMLEY & CO., New York. 35 Broadway, 3rd floor.



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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by

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AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897.

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COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

MR. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling

upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now call-

ing upon our subscribers in Waldo county.

The great miners' strike is causing a

rise in the price of coal, with the prospect

of a coal famine.

Make a specialty of something on your

farm and perfect yourself in that branch.

Know all there is to know about one sub-

ject, and as much as possible about every-

thing else.

Frank Burton, who 18 months ago left

New York for a trip around the world

on a wager that starting without a cent

he could make the circuit without beg-

ging, borrowing or stealing, arrived in

New York Thursday, with \$3,000 earned

on the trip, and received \$2,500 of the

\$3,000 wager.

Helen Keller, the wonderful girl who is

deprived of speech, sight and hearing,

has just taken her entrance examina-

tions for Radcliffe College in Cambridge,

Mass. She is only 17 years old, but has made

progress in her studies far exceeding

many bright girls of her age who are

fortunate enough to possess the faculties

which Helen has not. She has mastered

German, French, Latin and history, and

she has an excellent command of written

composition.

"It takes a thousand years to make an

empire like that of Great Britain, but

give us five hundred years and we will

show the world what we can do. I re-

joice in an American policy, which recog-

nizes the duties of the United States to

outlying populations." So spoke Bishop

Potter at the annual dinner of the Amer-

ican Society in London, and the haunts

of royalty were made, and properly so,

to hear the patriotic screams of the

"national bird."

It is generally supposed that cigar

tobacco can only be grown in this coun-

try in Massachusetts, Connecticut and

Pennsylvania, but this is a mistake. The

Havana leaf has already been success-
fully grown in Florida, and can be in
some sections of Louisiana and Texas.

Indeed, it can hardly be doubted that

every class and type will find a wider

field of growth when the peculiarities

of different kinds of soil are better known

and their relations to the character of

the product better understood.

Quite a number of the boys who have

gone out from the State Reform School

have made good and useful men. The

policy there is not to crush, but to in-

spire. We have before us a letter from

a prosperous farmer in Kennebec county,

who has had one of these boys in his

family for some time, placed there

through the kindly offices of Hon. Fred

Atwood of Wintrop. The gentleman

says: "My boy is doing as well as any

boy. He is strictly honest every way;

never will make a very rich man, as he

doesn't know the value of money."

At the meeting of the State Epworth

league in Portland, Thursday, Rev. W.

T. Perrin of the First Methodist church

of Boston in the course of an address

referred to the old story of the Frank

Jones and Kent's Hill Seminary. He

said: "In their action the trustees of

Kent's Hill Seminary have brought sor-

row and chagrin to Methodists every-

where. When I see the name of Frank

Jones in the windows of liquor saloons I

recall the action of the Methodists of

Maine in elevating him to a position of

honor in Methodist institutions."

Mark Twain still owes \$50,000, but he

hopes to pay it off with the proceeds of

a new book of travel which he has

just written, and which will be ready for

delivery, next winter. In it he treats of

India, Australia and South Africa, and

the style, it is said, is more like that of

his earlier writings than anything that

has come from his pen for some time.

Mr. Clemens is living comfortably at

Chelsea, near London, and the day of

his return to America is remote. All he

will rejoice with his publishers to know

that his health has been benefited great-

ly by his travels.

Apparently the Powers have made up

their minds to quit fooling with the Sul-

tan and quarrelling among themselves,

to bring matters to a head. Lord

Salisbury has voiced England's im-

perative in emphatic terms; Russia is

serving notice that a conclusion must

be reached by Turkey yielding, and Ger-

many has instructed her Ambassador to

insist upon Turkey's acceptance of the

strategic frontier. If these three powers

are agreed in pushing things, things

will be pushed, and the Sultan will have

to come down from his high horse or

take the consequences. And despite of

Turkish bluster the chances are that he

will be humbled.

My Wife's Husband is the taking title

of a new book by Alice Wilkinson

Sparks, just published by Laird & Lee,

Chicago. This is a good vacation book,

coming at vacation time, and just the

thing to take to the shore, the moun-

tains or the camp, and enjoy while

swimming leisurely in the hammock. It

will also drive dull care away in those

snatches of time caught up between

sterner duties. It is not a funny book,

but is full of quaint humor and has

many bright hits at the fads and fash-

ions of the day. The author says in closing,

"It's tejus work, readin' some books,"

but no reader will find this one of that

kind. Send and get it. Extra cloth,

gilt top, illustrated, price \$1.00, free by

mail.

WANTED-A MAN.

While we are cultivating our farms and improving our stock, we should not overlook the culture of man. This thought was brought out wonderfully in an address by Rev. W. S. Ayers, at the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner stone of the Y. M. C. A. building in Portland. Mr. Ayers said that the most valuable thing any community can have is a man. Business men have said that what we need here is a great manufacturing corporation bringing business to our city. That may be true, but a man is worth more than a mill. Because this is a day of machinery, we are in danger of depreciating the man who makes the machine. It is easy to make a machine do the work of twenty men, but one man of the true type is worth more to a community than a hundred machines. It is a certain token of degeneration when we have come to think more of our machinery than of our men. Steel is cheaper than blood. The charge that our age measures men by their machine value is an outrageous calumny, unless it be true—in which case it is a sure prophecy of social ruin. This building which we are about to erect is an indication that we believe in the man, and accept it as our trust to make him all that he can be made. When we treat for liberty we had arrayed against us the resources of a great nation. We had little wealth. We had no trained soldiers. We scarcely had ammunition, but we had a man, and that man was more than a match for all the forces which could be rallied against us.

At last we have discovered that we are all working for the same end—business man, statesman, reformer and preacher. It has taken a long while to learn it, but wise men everywhere are admitting now that commercial prosperity is linked indissolubly with our standard of manhood, that the only statesmanship worthy of the name is that which develops men, and even all reformatory effort is useless which does not begin with the man. The revival of business which overlooks the culture of the man is doomed to ultimate failure. The patriotism we want to develop in this country is not that which shouts for war on the least provocation, but that which goes quietly about the development of citizens of whom any nation would be proud. The careful attention to the voter is the sovereign. It is amazing that we should let our sovereign shift for himself and care not how he lives if only his vote is cast for our party.

Society was never studied so earnestly as in this day. The profoundest revelation of the modern consciousness is that a man lives for society. Then society should make the man. The great Caesar had a horse marvelous in his own way as the General. He had trained him for himself. Nobody could mount him but Caesar. When society shall say to our young men, "We claim you for our service, we will train you for ourselves, nobody may use you but ourselves," then society will achieve something of which it may well be proud.

The worth of any individual to the community depends on what we are able to make of him. The greatness of any community is shown by the value it sets on men. We must hope to lift and inspire men through their social nature. The day for hermits has gone. We desire to make no more. We do not ask what a young man believes. We know that he has a social nature saving expression. We know that the enemies of the world have scores of places in this city where young men are led to rule through the instincts of their social nature. We arise as citizens and say: Here shall be one place where a great reading room filled with the best, and beautiful parlors shall be open night and day, and free to everybody who walks our streets. We have no way of knowing the influence for good exerted by such an agency. Here is a young man walking down the street of noble purpose and high aspiration, but his brain is hot with impulses which he knows to be below him, but from which he cannot shake himself free. He sees the bright light of this reading room and enters. An hour spent here has calmed him. He goes home a conqueror. The community has gained a man instead of a brute. The man has produced her pride. We have not the material resources of some states. We do not dazzle the eyes of men with our brilliant financial prospects, though of this we are not ashamed. But it is our boast that Maine can produce men. The men who represent us in national legislation are men of whom any state might well be proud. The best investment of money ever made is in men. It may not count for much in the eyes of the world, but it counts for everything as a force in the world.

That shrewd statesman, Benjamin Franklin, bequeathed to the city of Boston, five thousand dollars to be put at interest a hundred years, and then lent to small mechanics just starting in business. The first hundred years ended in 1800, and the fund had increased to over four hundred thousand dollars. They put a hundred thousand at interest and paid over three hundred thousand dollars to the city of Boston to be used for the amelioration of the life of the people. This is a monument to the memory of Franklin more glorious than a pillar of marble built till it should touch the sky.

Cable advices of this date to George A. Cochrane of Boston, from the principal markets of Great Britain give butter markets dull and unfilled, with no immediate prospects of improvement. Receipts are very heavy from all quarters, with buyers indifferent and buying only from hand to mouth. There has been less doing in American this week, little or nothing doing for consumption. A few lots have sold for cold storage at 10 to 12 for finest creameries. All undergrades of American are very much underpriced. The western conditions are favorable for the make all over Europe. Cheese markets are dull and depressed, buyers taking sparingly for immediate wants. Finest American and Canadian nominally 8 1/2 @ 9.

The fall term of Eastern State Normal School at Castine will begin August 31st instead of the 24th. Extensive repairs and improvements make this change necessary.

THE BULLETIN FOR JULY.

The Bulletin issued from the State Department of Agriculture for this month treats of the pasture problem. It contains other matter that is of special interest to farmers, who are closely watching the returns of the results in various parts of the State.

The bulletin says in part: In this month our July we have tried to get from our correspondents, in addition to the regular questions, their ideas in relation to pastures, and their replies have come in very fully. We feel that there will be found much of value in the many suggestions which they contain. The pasture problem is one of the utmost importance to all farmers, and as our live stock increases it will continue to demand their increased attention.

The question of soiling stock in summer is coming more and more to the front.

Number of Live Stock. From the returns of the town assessors, as far as they have been received by the State assessors, it appears that there is a marked increase in one-year-olds, and a decrease in the number of cows, large numbers having been sold to go out of the State. The number of cows within the present year.

Horn Files. From our experience in our own herd and from observation in the herds of others, we are of the opinion that the use of the horn file is a very important matter. The liberal use of Pyrethrum powder, which may be purchased at any drugstore for about thirty cents per pound. Take an ordinary quarter pound spoon, take the powder and punch a few holes in the bottom, with an awl or shingle nail, fill with the powder, put on the cover and use as a duster. The powder can be used in this way without wasting any, and it will be found very effective.

Pernicious Weeds. The orange hawkweed is apparently spreading so rapidly, particularly in Kennebec county and in the central sections of the State, that we have thought best to call special attention to it in this bulletin, and present our readers with a cut of the weed taken from a bulletin of the Maine Experiment station, and ask our readers to give it their attention. We also add an account of a new weed which was brought into the office recently by Mr. B. W. Berry of Litchfield.

Perennial by slender root-stocks and by runners; stem simple, erect, one to one and one-half feet high, nearly leafless, densely hirsute, the hairs toward the apex of the stem black at the base; leaves mostly radical, oblong-lanceolate, denticulate, hirsute on both sides, sessile, those of the stems two or three; all but the lowest reduced to bracts; heads in a branched cyme; peduncles with black, glandular hairs and a close, brown coating of stellate hairs; involucre about one-third of an inch in diameter, its bracts linear-lanceolate, little imbricated, glandular and stellate hairs; flowers all perfect, with ligulate, orange-covered corollas; achenia about one line long, dark brown, bearing in the tip, a ribbed, truncate; pappus a row of dirty white bristles.

A description (already published by us) is given how to eradicate these weeds. The condition of the hay crop is 94 per cent; of pastures, 100 per cent; of soiling crops, 90 per cent.

The Tariff Bill Goes Through the Senate. At last the Dingley Tariff bill, radically amended, has passed the Senate by a decided vote of 38 to 28. This vote was taken on Wednesday, as had been predicted.

The culmination of the long and arduous struggle had excited the keenest interest, and the floor and galleries of the Senate chamber were crowded by those anxious to witness the closing scene. Speaker Reed, Chairman Dingley and many of the members of the House of Representatives were in the representative gallery, while every seat in the galleries save those reserved for foreign representatives, were occupied.

The main interest centered in the final vote, and aside from this there was little of dramatic character in the debate. The early part of the day was spent on amendments, the debate branching into financial and anti-trust questions.

By 4 o'clock the Senators began manifesting their impatience by calls for "Vote," and soon thereafter the final amendment was disposed of and the final vote began.

There were many interruptions as pairs were arranged, and then at 4:55 o'clock the Vice President arose and announced the passage of the bill: There was no demonstration, but a few scattered hand claps were given as the crowds dispersed.

An analysis of the final vote shows that the affirmative vote was cast by 35 Republicans, Jones of Nevada, and Mantle, and one Democrat, McEnery. Total, 36.

The negative vote was cast by 25 Democrats, two Populists, Harris of Kansas and Turner, and one Silver Republican, Cannon. Total, 28.

Eight Republicans were paired for the bill and eight Democrats against it. The Senators present and not voting were: Populists, five, viz.: Allen, Butler, Heibel, Kyle and Stewart; Silver Republicans, two, viz.: Teller and Pettigrew.

FRUIT GROWERS' ORGANIZATION.

A large number of the representative fruit growers of the State met Tuesday evening in the office of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. A committee was appointed as follows, on the matter of a permanent organization: Charles S. Pope of Manchester, R. Alden of Wintrop, D. H. Knowlton of Farmington, W. A. Luce of South Union, and V. W. True of New Gloucester.

The Secretary of the State Pomological Society, D. H. Knowlton of Farmington, explained as follows the advantages which might be derived from a Maine fruit growers' association:

The necessity for some form of co-operation among fruit growers was made conspicuous the past season. The matter was discussed somewhat among prominent fruit growers early in the season, but at that time no way appeared feasible and so the matter was dropped until our winter meeting in Wintrop, where some one proposed a question as to the outlook for the future in Maine.

It was the lot of the speaker to address the fruit growers upon this subject. As urged by him then three points were considered as essentials of successful fruit growing: first, the selection of varieties, second, general use of fruit at home and abroad, increased production of the best fruits at the least cost, and last, the proper handling of the fruit.

From the fruit growers of Maine, the speaker then took the matter up and invited the speaker to visit them and discuss the matter before their Grange. This was the first of the series of lectures on the part of the Grange, who were instructed to invite the President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Maine State Pomological Society to visit them.

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and the work it aims at doing for the fruit growers.

At the adjourned meeting of the fruit growers present, held yesterday morning, a temporary Fruit Growers' organization was effected with the following list of officers: President, Chas. S. Pope, Manchester; Vice President, John W. True, New Gloucester; Secretary, D. H. Knowlton, Farmington; Treasurer, R. Alden, Wintrop; Executive Committee, President and Secretary, F. S. Adams, Bowdoin; Dr. M. O. Edwards, Monmouth; E. C. Carl, Hollis.

The report of the association will be determined before the meeting at the Maine State Fair, and decisive steps taken to push forward the work all over the State.

E. F. Churchill, Hallowell, brought in some very choice specimens of Brandywine, Bubach, Sharpless and Crescent Seedling.

Glancing over the tables one counts 37 plates of strawberries, 13 vases of roses, 36 of cut flowers, 5 of gossamer, beside the tomatoes and peas from the State University.

The afternoon attendance was not large, but the papers and discussions proved of interest to all present. The meeting was continued in the evening. Papers were read by Chas. S. Pope, Manchester; Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell, Augusta; W. A. Luce, South Union, and R. L. Gardner, East Boston. A portion of these we publish, and will follow with the remainder next week.

CITY NEWS.

"Tis the hot of last summer, Surviving alone, All its lovely companions Are faded and gone, The bud which, the checked shirt, The white suit the rain didn't do to.

I must wear this, then, then one, I know not till when, Then wear new once in hat! I have married since then."

—H. A. Rand, music dealer, has gone into insolvency.

—Mrs. Hannah Robinson, 102 years old, appears to be in failing health.

—It has not yet been decided whether the annual encampment of the National Guard will be held, commencing Saturday, Aug. 7, or the following Monday.

—Dr. D. B. Savage, who has been seriously ill for some time, is rapidly recovering, his many friends will be glad to know. She is now able to sit up.

—And how the people watched the thermometer! Ninety-five in the shade became a familiar figure, and 82 seemed positively cool.

—Daniel W. Hayes, M. D., who has just graduated from the Maine Medical School, takes a position in the Insane Asylum in this city, as assistant physician.

—The gale yesterday smashed telephone wires, blew down trees and chimneys, and broke the boom of the Augusta Lumber Co., letting out a large number of logs.

—At the Charles E. Nash school house, the brickwork has been completed and it is finely finished, the designs about the front and eaves being very becoming. The roof is on, and the work will now progress on the interior.

—The directors of the village district schools have decided to commence the fall term of school, September 20. This term will be 13 weeks, with a two weeks' vacation to follow. The next term will be 12 weeks with one week spring vacation. The last term will be 11 weeks to close in June at the regular time.

—The Maine State board of dental examiners will meet at the office of Dr. E. J. Roberts, the president of the board, in this city, on Wednesday, July 21, to examine candidates for practice. Eleven applicants have sent in their names, and it is expected there will be many more when the time comes.

with its delicate, bell-shaped flowers, and a large vase of the beautiful Canterbury Belle. Mr. Allen, gardener at the Insane Hospital, brought over some fine specimens of Marshall Niel roses.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.
A DREAM.

BY HELEN A. ALDEN.
In a dream I went, in poor attire,
To visit a home of wealth;
And oh, their haughty looks of scorn
I never can forget.
And many times in dreamland,
I wandered to their door,
And begged of them for shelter,
For I was sick and poor.
But every time they scorned me,
And looked down from their height,
Till I was glad to steal away
And hide me from their sight.
But once I said, "You jeer at me,
You scorn me and deride—
Though I am poor and lowly
I am your Father's child."
If he met me at the judgment seat
The measure you have given,
I would not change my place for yours
At the golden gate of heaven."

TELL HER SO.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so!

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which your soul is set;
She's of life's sweets the sweetest yet—
Tell her so!

When days are dark and deeply blue,
Show her her troubles come to you,
Show her that your love is true—
Tell her so!

In former days you praised her style,
And spent much care to win her smile;
'Tis just as well now worth your while—
Tell her so!

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of a kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss—
Tell her so!

Your love for her is no mistake—
You feel it deep, or awake—
Don't conceal it! For her sake,
Tell her so!

You'll never know what you have missed
If you make love a game of wits;
Lips mean more than to be kissed—
Tell her so!

Don't act, if she has passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime;
If e'er you loved her, now's the time—
Tell her so!

She'll return, for each care's
An hundredfold of tenderness;
Hearts like hers were made to bless!
Tell her so!

You are her's and her's alone;
Well you know, she's all your own;
Don't wait to "carve it on a stone"—
Tell her so!

Never let her heart grow cold—
Richer beauties will unfold;
She is worth her weight in gold!
Tell her so!

Our Story Teller.

FROM
THE RANKS.
BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

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[CONTINUED.]

Instead of going home, Chester kept on across the plateau and took a long walk on the northern side of the reservation, where the quartermaster's stables and corral were placed. He was affected by a strange unrest. His talk with Rollins had aroused the memories of years long gone by, of days when he, too, was young and full of hope and faith—aye, full of love—almost lavished on one fair girl who knew it well, but gently, almost entrancingly, repelled him. Her heart was wrapped up in another, the Adonis of his day in the gay old seaboard garrison. She was a soldier's child, a daughter of a man who had been killed in the war, and she was a girl of the olden type, simple, unassuming, and full of the love of civilization. A good and gentle mother had reared her and called her. Her father, an officer whose name was left at Molino del Rey, and whose heart was crushed when the loving wife was taken from him, turned to the child who so resembled her and centered there all his remaining love and affection. Chester, to his home and tacitly favored his suit, but in his blindness never saw how a few moonlit strolls on the old moss grown parapet, a few evening dances in the casements with handsome, wailing, winning Will Forester had done their work. She gave him all the wild, enthusiastic, worshiping love of her girlish heart just about the time Captain and Mrs. Maynard came back from leave, and then he grew cold and negligent there, but lived at Maynard's fireside, and one day there came a sensation—a tragedy—and Mrs. Maynard went away and died abroad, and a shocked and broken girl hid her face from all and pined at home, and Mr. Forester's resignation was sent from no one knew just where, and no one would have cared to know except Maynard. He would have followed him, pistol in hand, but Forester gave him no chance. Years afterward Chester again sought her and offered her his love and his name. It was useless, she told him sadly. She lived only for her father now and would never leave him till he died, and then she prayed she might go up. Memories like this will come up at such times in these same "still watches of the night." Chester was in a moody frame of mind when about half an hour later he came back past the guardhouse. The sergeant was standing near the lighted entrance, and the captain called him.

"There's a ladder lying back of the colonel's quarters on the roadway. Some of those painters left it, I suppose. It's a wonder some of the fellows have not broken their necks over it going around tonight. Let the next one pick it up and move it out of here. Hasn't it been reported?"

"Not to me, sir. Corporal Schneider has command of this post, and he has said nothing about it. Here he is, sir."

"Didn't you see it or stumble over it when posting your relief, corporal?" asked Chester.

"No, indeed, sir. I—think the captain must have been mistaken in thinking it a ladder. We would surely have struck it if it had been."

"No mistake at all, corporal. I lifted it. It is a long, heavy ladder, over 30

feet, I should say.
"There is such a ladder back here, captain," said the sergeant, "but it always hangs on the fence just behind the young officers' quarters—bachelors' row, sir, I mean."

"And that ladder was there an hour ago when I went my rounds," said the corporal earnestly. "I had my hurricane lamp, sir, and saw it on the fence plainly. And there was nothing behind the colonel's at that hour."

Chester turned away, thoughtful and silent. Without a word he walked straight into the quadrangle, past the low line of stone buildings, the offices of the adjutant and quartermaster, the home of the sergeant major, the club and billiard room, past the long piazza shaded row of bachelor quarters and came upon the plank walk at the corner of the colonel's fence. Ten more steps, and he stood stock still at the head of the flight of wooden stairs.

There, dimly visible against the southern sky, its base on the plank walk below him, its top resting upon the eaves midway between the dormer window and the roof of the piazza, so that one could stare easily from it into the sky, stood the very ladder that had been half an hour before was lying on the ground behind the house.

His heart stood still. He seemed powerless to move, even to think. Then a slight noise moved him, and with every nerve tingling he crouched ready for a spring. With quick, agile movements, noiseless as a cat, sinuous and stealthy as a serpent, the dark figure of a man issued from Alice Renwick's chamber window and came gliding down.

One second more, and almost noiselessly he reached the ground, then quickly turned and raised the ladder, stepped with it to the edge of the roadway and peered around the angle as though to see that no sentry was in sight, then vanished with his burden around the corner. Another second, and down the steps went Chester, three at a bound, tiptoeing in pursuit. Ten seconds brought him close to the culprit—a tall, slender shadow.

"You villain! Halt!"

Down went the ladder on the dusty road. The hand that Chester had clinched upon the broad shoulder was hurled aside. There was a sudden whirl, a lightning blow that took the captain full in the chest and staggered him back.

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Opening this door, he bolted straight through the little parlor to the bedroom in the rear. A dim light was burning on the mantel. The bed was unruined, untouched, and Mr. Jerrold was not there.

Five minutes afterward Captain Chester, all alone, had laboriously and cautiously dragged the ladder from the side to the rear of the colonel's house, stretched it in the roadway where he had first stumbled upon it, then returned to the searching party on No. 5.

"Send two men to put that ladder back," he ordered. "It is where I told you—the road behind the colonel's."

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Maynard came to Sibley in May and the officers with their wives were making their welcoming call she had with her no other pride and pleasure yielded to their constant importunities and shown to one party after another an album of photographs—likenesses of her only daughter. There were little cartes de visite representing her in long dresses and baby caps; quaint little pictures of a chubby fatter, chubby-legged infant a few months older; charming studies of a little girl with dark, curly hair; then others, still older, in every variety of dress, even in fancy costume, such as the girl had worn at fair or masquerade.

These and others still had Mrs. Maynard shown them, with repressed pride and pleasure, and with sweet acknowledgment of their enthusiastic praises. Alice still tarried in the east, visiting relatives whom she had not seen since her father's death three years earlier, and long before she came to join her mother at Sibley and to enter upon the life she so eagerly looked forward to—"way out in the west, you know, with officers and soldiers and the band and buffalo and Indians all around you!"

There was not an album in the house which had not been delightedly examined that album. There was still another picture, but that one had been shown to only a chosen few just one week after her daughter's arrival, and rather an absurd scene had occurred, in which that most estimable officer, Lieutenant Sloan, had figured as the hero. A moment's simple-minded, well intentioned fellow than Sloan there did not live. He was so full of kindness and good nature and readiness to do anything for anybody that it never seemed to occur to him that everybody on earth was not just as ready to be equally accommodating.

There was a perfect dearth of delicacy, and the colonel and one of the most loyal and devoted of subalterns, despite the fact that his locks were long silvered with the frosts of years and that he had fought through the war of the rebellion and risen to the rank of a field officer in Maynard's old brigade.

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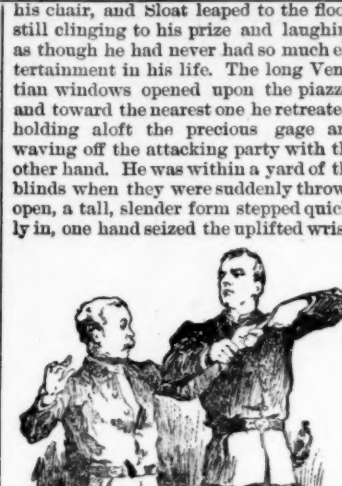
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Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.



One hand seized the uplifted wrist, still clinging to his prize and laughing as though he had never had so much entertainment in his life. The long Venetian windows opened upon the piazza, and toward the nearest one he retreated, holding aloft the precious game and waving off the attacking party with the other hand. He was within a yard of the blinds when they were suddenly thrown open, a tall, slender form stepped quickly in, one hand seized the uplifted wrist,

really a source of pride and pleasure to him that his accomplished wife should find any of his young officers so thoroughly agreeable as she pronounced Mr. Jerrold. Others were soldierly, courteous, well bred, but he had the air of a foreign court about him, she privately informed her lord, and it seems indeed that in days gone by Mr. Jerrold's father had spent many years in France and Spain, once as his country's representative near the throne. Though the father died long before the boy was out of his knickerbockers, he had left the impress of his grand manner, and Jerrold, to women of any age, was at once a courtier and a knight. But the colonel never saw how her eyes followed the tall young officer time and again. There were women who soon noted it, and one of them said it was such a yearning, longing look.

Was Mrs. Maynard really happy? They asked each other. Did she really want to see Alice mate with him, the handsome, dangerous, the selfish fellow they knew him to be? If not, could anything but the most desperate of schemes be thrown together as they were, being, day after day? Had Alice wealth of her own? If not, did the mother know that nothing would tempt Howard Jerrold into an alliance with a dowless daughter? Those and many more were questions that came up every day. The garribose could talk of little else, and Alice Renwick had been there just three weeks and was the acknowledged queen of hearts at Sibley when the rifle competitions began again, and a great array of officers and men from all over the northwest came to the post by every train, and their carriages dotted the broad prairie to the north.

One lovely evening in August, just before the practice began, Colonel Maynard took his wife to drive out and see the camp. Mr. Jerrold and Alice Renwick followed on horseback. The carriage was surrounded as it halted near the range, and half a score of officers old and young were chatting with Mrs. Maynard, while others gathered about the lovely girl who sat there in the saddle. There came marching up from the saddle a small squad of soldiers, competitors arriving from the far west. Among them—apparently their senior noncommissioned officer—was a tall cavalry sergeant, superbly built, and with a bronzed and bearded and swarthy face that seemed to tell of years of campaigning over mountain and prairie. They were all men of perfect physique, all in the neat, soldierly fatigue dress of the regular service, some wearing the spotted white stripes of the infantry, others the blue artistic and equally delectable yellow of the cavalry. Their swinging stride, erect carriage and clear and handsome eyes spoke of the perfection of health and soldierly development. Curious glances were turned to them as they advanced, and Alice Renwick, catching sight of the party, exclaimed:

"Oh, who are these? And what a tall soldier that sergeant is!"

Horse Department.

Twilight Wilkes, owned by H. R. Lish-gest, Augusta, is a great horse. With a record of 2:31 1/2 he went to the front at once in the 2:27 class at Augusta, July 5, holding the lead throughout the miles, his owner driving with the reins in one hand. Harming accidents that is a common wonder.

Despite the growing use of the cycle, the English imports of American horses in 1896 amounted to 17,930 head, an increase of 7,579 over 1895, or nearly 75 per cent. The Canadian imports were nearly 12,000 head, or about the same as the preceding year. The total imports were nearly 41,000, an increase of 7,000. The average price paid for American horses was nearly \$150 each.

A subscriber has a flat footed horse, 15 years old, which is lame, and his hoofs seem to have stopped growing. He asks a remedy for the trouble.

The best thing to do is to take off the shoes and turn the horse into a moist pasture. Nothing like the earth to promote healthy growth of the feet. Many forms of dressing and packing are endorsed by authorities, but they all fail when placed along side nature's remedy.

The most sensational trotter heard from so far this season is a three-year-old from Denver, a green one which, in his first race, was carried a half mile in 1:07 and led the crowd at that.

He trotted eight miles at a two-minute clip and barring accidents threatens to disturb the serenity of eastern owners. When green three-year-olds trot miles inside of 2:20 the first time they get into company it looks like hot work before snow falls.

THE DREADED BACK DRAFT.

The removal of the record requirement in American trotting bred stallions at the State Fair will open the door for some of the best breeding stock in Maine to enter into competition and win where ever worthy. Some of the best stallions, measured by the test of quality in offspring, have no record and therefore have been barred under the old rule.

The change is a long step towards recognition of individual merit backed by blood inheritance.

Combine 2,224, which recently reduced her record in New York, was formerly owned by George H. Clarke, proprietor of the Somerset House, North Anson, who has a colt out of her by Haley 2:17. It is called Halbine. Combine was by Combination 2,204, out of a daughter of the Drew stallion, Joe Hooker. She was bred by C. B. Wellington of Albion. As soon as sold and before she left his stable Mr. Clarke went to Albion and secured another of the same breeding, which promises to be as fast. No better breeder in Maine than our old friend Wellington.

A wide tire law goes into effect in California on Jan. 1, 1900. Any person who sells, purchases or brings into the State after that date vehicles with tires of less than specified in the law shall be fined \$25 to \$500, or imprisoned 25 days to six months. Tires are to be from three inches to six inches wide, according to size of axle. For New Jersey rebates one dollar of taxes for each wide-tired wheel, or something like that. Tests just concluded at the Missouri station confirm in theory for wide tires as savers of both roadway and brute strength. "Wide tires must come," says Orange Judd Farmer.

The trouble with the horse business is, says a writer in the Rural World, the science of breeding has not kept pace with the other sciences. The bicycle and electric railways came on the stage of action just as the American farmer was making a tremendous deal in scrub horses, and has helped to teach him that the future horse must be bred for a special purpose, and that a cross between a draft and a road horse don't pay; crossing tends to modify both types, and usually with some irregularity.

A colt with the clean, light limbs of a road horse and the ewe neck and sheep's face of a draft horse, or with the clean cut head and neck of a road horse, and the heavy limbs and shaggy hair of the draft horse, is something we are always sorry to see.

We believe that the future will verify the fact that "all things do work together for good," etc. Don't breed because you happen to own a mare, and don't breed to the nearest horse just because he is the nearest horse. Study the originalities of the mares you own, and breed on the same line, and, our advice would be, if you can't find a horse of the right type, don't breed.

Too many farmers are attracted—or, to use a modern phrase—"attracted on" some splendid horse, and allow their admiration to overrule their judgment, and want to breed mares to him that would be better adapted to the use of a Jack. The future horse, whether a draft or a driver, will find a good market, providing he is a draft or a driver. This is directly in line with the position so strongly advocated for years in the Farmer, and time but confirms all claims. There must be a sharp appreciation of the value of type and a determination to strengthen the same.

The formative period of the life of a horse is the colt's first year. Endurance and speed depend much upon a full development of the nerves, muscles and bones; without full development of these, there can be no endurance, but these are not the highest impulses, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker. Horses have mental and, seemingly, moral faculties, mind and spirit; if there be but partial development herein, there will be no horse. The object is a two-fold one, a full development of physical energy, pushed to the highest limit of endurance by mental energy. The study of history proves that all animals, man included, brought up in mountain lands, are more fleet than those of the plains. Why? Because the ascent and descent of surface brings into use and action more than one set of muscles and nerves, and there is fuller development of all the different

sets of motor nerves, some of which are unused and flabby in colts raised upon flat lands. A colt in climbing or descending a declivity, or traversing the slope of a hill lengthwise, when its up-hill legs must be comparatively shortened, its down-hill ones lengthened, brings in play, develops and strengthens all the different sets of its motor nerves, also what are known as temporary cartilages, enabling a colt at this time of life to gain a development of parts not obtainable upon flat lands. Fully as important, the articulation of the joints in adult life are better developed, so better able to withstand shocks that would be injurious to a horse brought up on level lands and not thus developed. But, perhaps, higher and more important than muscular cartilage, is the development of the brain of the colt, giving to the horse his spirit, love of approbation and emulation. There is no denying the fact that, after all, brain power is the highest force pertaining to organic beings. The race horse is eminently characterized by this force. The good work horse needs it, also. Their intelligence and keen appreciation of the strife, their supreme endurance and endeavor to come out ahead, can come only from such development. Mountain countries, the world over, have been noted for this stimulated brain power. Breeders of horses should, therefore, study this important question. Farmers who have hill pastures are fortunate; they can profit by these important ideas in studying the topography of their ideas into practical use. High development of strength and speed must commence and be founded in the formative period of the life of the horse, the first year of the colt.

POWER OF KINDNESS.

No horse should ever be whipped for shying or bolting, for he is sure to connect the pain with the object of his fright and be more afraid of it thereafter. Blinders are responsible for nearly all the shying and some runaways. The whip and ill-tempered drivers do the rest.

Madame Marantette, rider of the champion jump, Filemaker, writes: "I never use a spur or whip on him. When I thought him he was so vicious that nobody believed I could ever ride him. I tried patience and kindness with entire success."

A single blow may spoil a horse. The fastest three-year-old stallion of his day, Daniel Lambert, was so angered by a single out of the whip that he never was governable on the track thereafter.

A valuable horse in Chicago became so ugly under the whip that his owner feared to drive him and got rid of him at half cost. The buyer removed cheek rein, blinders and whip, treated him kindly, and he is now the pet of a timid lady who drives him anywhere.

A disciple of kindness bought a handsome horse in Boston at a quarter his value because nobody dared to drive him. He got him home with difficulty and began gentle and kindly treatment. He is now a kind, safe, reliable horse which can do ten miles per hour with road wagon, and the former owner can't understand it.

When a horse is afraid or excited, quiet him by kind words—gently rubbing his face and by a quiet manner. An excited horse is practically crazy, and to whip him is dangerous, foolish and cruel.

No animal is more cruelly and brutally treated than the mule, and no animal ever performed his part any better. If you treat the mule kindly you will have little trouble with him.

A balky horse may be started by holding up a forward foot three minutes, tapping on it now and then; or by giving him apples, candy, etc.; never talk loudly, nor slash, whip or scold. Whipping a balky horse is barbarous and only increases his obstinacy. Kindness is the remedy—as it is for all other troubles between the horse and his driver. Training is simply showing a horse how to do his work, and to pain, distress or terrify him hinders his learning, besides being senseless and heathenish.

Whips have been banished from the public schools because better results are secured by kindly measures, and for the same reason they should be banished from stables and highways. Horses are like men, more easily ruled by kindness than abuse.

A kind word to a horse is sometimes as good as a feed of oats. Talking to him, caressing him, gifts of sugar, apples, etc., add immensely to his comfort. Harsh treatment, even without blows, keeps a nervous horse in misery.

AN INFAMOUS PRACTICE.

A well known business man made the statement to the writer lately, that "hardly a horse owner in his acquaintance who was not a slave to his coachman." There has appeared in several journals articles touching this question, and an English author says:

"The gentleman's servant has but a single lesson to receive in what he calls 'discount,' and over afterward bleeds all with whom he comes in contact, or else withdraws his patronage. Please mark the fact that it is his, and not his master's patronage; the latter only writes the checks, all else is in the hands of the coachman or stud groom. Few readers of the *Field* will attribute any share of the late farmer's strike to the coachman, but I could easily prove to your entire satisfaction, Mr. Editor, that a sum of 1s. on each set of shoes is the minimum which any Western coachman would accept, in addition to 10 per cent. on the account when paid. The more respectable farriers and veterinary surgeons decline to go further than this; but the majority of men who carry on shoeing forges are compelled to book shoes that are never supplied, and divide the plunder with the coachman. Many horses keep on their shoes too long, and thereby induce corns, while the owner is charged with a new set every three weeks and removes once a fortnight."

Commenting on the above, the *Turf, Field and Farm* takes up the story from an American standpoint:

"When the horse owner comes to realize that his coachman makes a demand for a sum on each shoeing transaction equal to about 20 per cent. of the bill, and claims another 10 per cent. on the account, it is surely time that some notice were taken of the matter. It is an unfortunate fact that what are called

'upper servants' not only expect but demand commission. The lady's maid demands what she is pleased to term her rights of all the purveyors of domestic life; the butler looks to the wine merchant and makes a tidy percentage out of the stationery, which in many cases he supplies to the house. Writing paper and stamping are marvelously cheap nowadays, and the price the butler puts down in his book and the sum he actually pays do not tally by a long way. Of all servants, however, none are more rapacious, or, not to blink the matter, more dishonest, than stable servants. So long as matters are left in the hands of the average coachman—there are individual exceptions, we know—he insists on a money payment in accordance with his own scale of everything coming into the stable or coach-house. Neither a carriage, horse, set of harnesses, nor stable utensils or 'tools' can be bought without the coachman desiring—nay, insisting—on 'standing in.'

The sale of many a horse has been stopped here in Maine the past six months simply because the seller would not recognize the demands of the 'go-between.' Owners dare not purchase, save as the selection is made by their coachman. A few months ago, two fine pairs were made unsafe, and forced into the auction room, simply to give the coachman a chance to make another selection and pocket the fees. One of these pairs passed into the hands of one of the fortunate ones, and is proving, by most excellent service, what kindness can do in redeeming horses from bad habits. This bleeding system is infamous in every particular, and fortunate he who is free to choose and act. The system and practice of 'standing-in' holds only in large cities, but the evil reaches out and injures the man who produces what others would purchase if left to themselves.

HORSES AT THE MAINE STATE FAIR.

The State Fair officials this year seem to recognize the fact that horses and horse breeding are under the ban, for instead of making the entry fee a per cent. in the amount each animal competes for, they have wisely made the entry fee for horses the same as for cattle, \$2.00.

Why the discrimination should have been continued in past years can hardly be explained, but it is now removed, and it will cost no more to show fifty head of horse stock than fifty having horses. This should insure a full exhibit in the stalls as in the pens and sheds.

Under the exacting demands of to-day there is need of stimulating a knowledge of the kind of horses wanted in the market and no better opportunity is offered than at the great State Fair. Let the breeders turn out and fill the stalls.

Poultry Department.

Keep corn away from the broods these hot days. Give them freer range and less food.

Variety, even if it be made up in part of what we would call poor feed, is better than a continuous use of one kind.

Do you sometimes wonder what it is that gives the chicks the scours? Perhaps it is the water standing in the sun.

When the hot weather comes on discard the heavy feed. You can increase it later on, when it gets cooler and the fowls begin to moult.

Extreme hot days are as bad for the young chicks as the cold, damp ones. Coops should be placed where both shade and sunshine can be had.

Clear out the old material forming the nests and burn. In this way you get rid of waste stuff and vermin as well as save trouble in the pens. A fresh nest will be provided once a month. See to it.

Be careful that all the chicks are given an equal share. If some fail to get a supply of food they will develop runts. Don't feed the large and small ones together. Have separate coops for each size.

These hot days are lice breeders. It takes only a few days to get an overstock of them. The red mites will over-run the premises before you know it if once they get a start. Kerosene oil on roosts, and in every crack and crevice, is the best remedy we have ever used.

Clean out the poultry house and keep it sweet. Don't allow filthy accumulations to breed disease. Scatter air-slaked lime or ground plaster on the clean-swept floorings and promote rather than discourage health and comfort. The hens will pay the bills.

The poultry editor of the *Farmers' Review* believes that mixed flocks of general purpose fowls do not average more than 100 eggs per bird, and his belief is based on figures of egg production carefully kept for years. Therefore, select the birds, and choose a special fowl for a special purpose.

Kill every surplus male about the place. It will cost fifty cents per head to feed from now until Feb. 1, and there is nothing coming in to offset. It's a loss and should be checked. Get rid of all dead wood and let the paying part of the flock have credit for what they are trying so hard to do.

Strange it is that more portable houses for poultry are not seen scattered over the fields and under the trees. These can be built for a song, will last for years, and house thirty chicks until grown. Meanwhile the chicks will add to the crops growing thereon. Seek the health of the chicks and your most rapid growth by sending out into portable summer houses, scattered over the farm.

The day is near at hand when eggs from half-starved hens, gathered every week or ten days, must give way to strictly fresh eggs, gathered and delivered daily. Such eggs will always find a ready sale and command a good price, and the man whose reputation for such eggs is known will be sure to see the demand greater than the supply. The time when an egg was an egg—no matter its size or age—but now housekeepers are beginning to demand eggs of uniform size and color, and of a standard quality, just as they do in other table supplies.

Poultry keeping doesn't depend altogether upon the kind of fowls kept. Some people have made the mistake of supposing it did. There is more in the breed than there is in the breed. He needs the following qualifications: Gentleness, patience, a disposition to look after details, and unwearying industry. Men and women are not all built this way. If not possessed naturally, these traits must be acquired; for they are necessary to secure the best results. The buildings need not be expensive, but should be suitable and large enough for the flock. Whether it is necessary to use matched boards and line with paper depends upon the rigor of the climate of the locality where the farm is situated. It should have at least three apartments—a sitting room, a roosting place, and a dusting or exercising room. Nests may be placed in the roosting apartment.

An Exchange says the premises of Mr. Rankin, the duck man, were invaded last season with the army worm. Our first thought, he says, in writing to the *Poultry Monthly* was to muster all hands and by the use of kerosene and trenching to fight them there. We then thought of our ducks. We had several hundred breeding ducks just over the wall. We opened the gate, letting them into the lane. They looked in astonishment at the discolored ground. Finally one of the leaders put his head down to investigate. In a moment every head was down. Up the lane they came slowly, gathering up every worm, into the barway from which the worms were pouring, into the barley field and around it, croaking their satisfaction, as ducks only can do, and out of the same barway that they entered, every bird laden to its utmost capacity.

We had no fear now, as we had 1,800 birds in reserve. But re-enforcements were not started. In about two hours the birds started again, going over the same route again just before night, and when they got through not a worm was to be seen, except a few on the buildings above their reach. The next morning we discovered that the insects had attacked a piece of rye. We promptly turned in the ducks and in less than an hour not a worm was to be seen in the whole lot.

EGG FARMING FOR PROFIT. A. B. Cook in the American Agriculturist tells of a young farmer who runs a fruit, truck and egg farm, who supported his family from his egg farm, while the income from fruit and vegetables was put in bank. Five acres are devoted to poultry, on which are kept 500 hens, divided between the Brown Leghorns and Black Hamburgs. The five acres are subdivided into ten yards, giving 50 hens to the yard. These hens average 125 eggs per year apiece, making 5,208 dozen, which bring an average price of 15 cents, making \$781.20. Deducting \$500 for food, leaves a profit of \$281.20.

MERITS OF THE BREEDS. There is not a breed known to-day that has not been written up as the best that has appeared, and there is not a breed that is so friendless but that a champion in its favor can be found. Every season we are astonished at the performances of some new candidate for public favor, whose merits so far outstrip all other breeds that those who are unaccustomed to such descriptions believe that all the breeds must take position and yield the whole poultry field to the newcomer.

But it is the same story, over and over again. The new breed steps forth, commands admiration, is given the highest place, but soon drops from the head, goes down near the foot, and another aspirant steps in to be king for a short time, as the new breeds are faithfully tested and given an opportunity to establish all that may be claimed for them. The fact is, however, that while all new breeds that appear really possess some advantages, their admirers are not so free to give their defects, leaving the farmers to learn that, and as no breed is perfect and none free from some drawback, it will yet be a long time before the 'perfect fowl' is discovered. If we could only learn to take what we have and improve by care, feed and selection the steps up the hill would be rapid and the summit not so far distant.

We had a parrot once which knew how to talk so well that it seemed as if he must certainly be able to think and reason as well as any of us. Two instances may be given to show what Polly could do in the way of conversation: One fine summer's morning, a young woman bringing a message to the house was asked into the kitchen, and while, as she supposed, quiet alone there, a rather gruff voice remarked that it was 'a very hot day,' which it certainly was. As she did not know the parrot was there, she was considerably startled, and would scarcely believe it was the bird which had spoken to her. Another day Polly's cage was hung up on a tree near the poultry-yard, where a fight for supremacy was going on between two cocks, and the gardener, who was at work hard by, distinctly heard Polly say, 'You idiots! Bran' (calling to the big dog which lay asleep in his kennel)—'Bran, bite them! bite them!'

A 'Menagerie Race' was recently the source of great amusement to a party of army officers in India. Each competitor had an animal to enter, which he drove as straight as he could. There was a dog, a goose, a young pig, a cock, a cat, a frog, a turkey, a kid, a duck, a young monkey and a pelican. The latter got away from his string and flew up into a high tree just as the race was going to begin. The animals had ribbons round their necks. The goose won the race, he was the only one who went straight; the dog made for the pig, and a battle royal ensued; the monkey and the cat laid down and would not move a step. It was a very amusing scene, so say the spectators, and the curious antics of the astonished animals caused a vast amount of laughter.

'Straws show which way the wind doth blow,' so said the man of fat as he hurried to regain his fast-departing hat.

Mrs. Benham—What were the last words of Mary Queen of Scots?

Benham—Suppose she asked if her head was on the block straight.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

A Sharpsburg man who had been drinking too much liquor for his own good was induced to sign the pledge the other day. His wife was delighted. She took the document and said:

'You must let me have it. I will keep it for you as a memento.'

So the paper was confided to her custody. On the next day the man was drinking as freely as before.

'How is this?' asked a friend. 'You signed the pledge yesterday, and now you are guzzling whisky again.'

'It's all right,' replied the pledge signer in maddened tones. 'I don't have to keep that pledge. My wife says she'll keep it for me. That's the kind of a drink to have, old fellow. Let's take a drink.'—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Palm Days.

Jack—Where's Bill now?

Jill—Out west.

'What doing?'

'Raising palms.'

'Doing what?'

'Raising palms—making the tenderfeet throw up their hands.'—Yonkers Statesman.

Wanted an Easy Game.

Lazy Lawrence—Would ye have a billiard table in yer house if ye was rich?

Stationary Sam—None. Not unless it was up wheels an I had a man to roll it around so I could play widout walkin'.

—New York Journal.

Used Advisedly.

'Several times during the delivery of his commencement day oration he paused and took a drink of water. He was very dry.'

'You mean he was very thirsty.'

'Yes, he was thirsty too.'—Chicago Tribune.

Sufficient Reason.

'I understand their engagement has been broken.'

'Yes, she says she was deceived. He had only 60 cents in his pocket instead of 16, and as she had 14 herself he was clearly out of her class.'—Chicago Post.

Always at Hand.

Visitor (at time museum)—What do you do when you feel the need of exercise?

Living Skeleton—I take a walk around the fat woman.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Its First Experience.

'It is a diamond of the first water,' said the applicant for a loan.

'Oh, I don't know,' answered the pawnbroker. 'It looks like it has been soaked before.'—New York Journal.

Hand In Hand.

Finnicus—The first thing civilization teaches the savage is outward cleanliness.

Cinnicus—And the next is inward cleanliness.—Yellow Kid Magazine.

Something on Her Mind.

'Queen Victoria always looks so solemn.'

'You'd look solemn, too, if you had had the Prince of Wales for a son all these years.'—Chicago Record.

The Sarcastic Girl.

He—I—ah—have always had a horror of premature burial—being buried too soon, you know.

She—Oh, pshaw! Such a thing is impossible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Voice of Experience.

'He,' sobbed the verdant bride, 'does not love me any more.'

'You are lucky,' said the seasoned matron, 'if he does not love you any less.'—Indianapolis Journal.

The Absentminded Senator.

Washington Hostess—Will you take sugar, senator?

Senator Sorghum—Yes, say a thou sand shares—ah—them—two lumps, please.—New York Journal.

Like Papa's.

A 6-year-old was seated in a barber's chair.

'Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?'

'Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top.'—Tit-Bits.

Not Valuable.

'You didn't buy any of the graduating class photograph?'

'No; I should think not. My gown cost \$75, and they stuck me in the back row.'—Chicago Record.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

'De gret difficulty 'bout ahagin on politics,' said Uncle Eben, 'is dat de better yeh does it de madder yeh's li' ble to make some ob yeh bes' friends.'—Washington Star.

He Was a Bird.

Aid (charging furiously)—General, the enemy has captured our left wing. What shall we do?

The commander—Fly with the other.—Truth.

Hard to Go Against.

'Well, are you winning anything out at the track?'

'Naw; ye couldn't beat dem races wit' a tapped wire.'—Chicago Journal.

In Chicago.

She—I always preferred June weddings.

He—Yes. How many have you had?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Summer Girl.

She rode with kindling interest Wild tales of border life.

That told how blood like water flowed In never ending strife.

The rough, rude way of counting men That each one seemed to shout.

By making notes on her fan.

Struck her as 'twould cut.

So very, very good it seemed, This summering plan.

That new note, too, counts truths.

By making notes on her fan.

—G. E. Creel in *Truth*.

Cherry Tart.

Stone the cherries and stew them with sugar and grated lemon rind until the sugar becomes thick. Put them away to cool. Take some put paste and line a cake ring with it, place the cherries on it, lay on strips of the paste crosswise, brush it with egg and bake in a hot oven.

Of Course.

Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife?

He regret it, professor, but I'm not married.

'Ah, yes. Then of course your wife's still single.'—Flightende Blatter.

The Road Horse Establishment of New England.

THE IDEAL ROAD HORSE.



ELMWOOD FARM, Lewiston Junction, Maine, J. S. SANBORN, PROPRIETOR.

ONE KIND OF BAD MEN

THOSE WHO ARE DANGEROUS TO ROWDIES AND ROBBERS.

A Wyoming Cattleman Who Checked the Little Game of Two Chicago Thieves. How a Millinery Salesman Caught a Tough That Wanted to Shoot at Everything.

'What is known as a bad man in the far west is not necessarily a man of an unvarying evil disposition or of disposition evil at all. He may be uniformly and curiously bad or had only in the sense of being dangerous to those who offer him unjustifiable provocation. I have met many varieties of the species in my 20 years of travel west of the Mississippi,' said a former commercial traveler.

'I was in the train in which it happened, although I did not see the occurrence, when two thieves came to grief in trying to rob a cattleman. It was in the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy station in Chicago, or, rather, just beyond the station. The thieves evidently had planned the robbery beforehand, knowing that the cattleman had a large sum of money with him, and they had followed him to the train and aboard a coach. He had seated himself near the middle of the car. After the train had started and got under good headway one of the thieves suddenly grabbed him from behind, pinning his arms to his side, while the other drew his pocketbook from his inner breast pocket. Then the thieves ran in opposite ways toward the car doors, jumping from the moving train, but they hadn't reckoned rightly on the quickness of the cattleman's pistol. Drawing his revolver, he brought down one of the thieves half way to the door, mortally wounded, with a bullet through his back. Turning, he fired at the other, just dashing out at the door, shooting him through the heart so that he fell dead on the platform.

'The whole thing was done so quickly that few of the passengers in the coach were aware that anything unusual was going on until the pistol shots rang out. Then naturally there were jumping up and confusion and hysterics. The cattleman, pistol in hand, went to the first thief he had shot, searched him and, not finding his pocketbook, went back through the car to where the other thief lay dead on the platform. The crowd gave him free passage along the aisle, you can bet. At the door a brakeman handed him the pocketbook, which the thief

